

THE  
VV A R R E S  
OF  
P O M P E Y and C A E S A R,

Out of whose events is evict'd this  
Proposition.

*Only a iust man is a freeman.*

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By G. C.

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LONDON:

Printed by THOMAS HARPER, and are to be  
sold by Godfrey Edmundson, and Thomas Atkinson.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONO-  
rable, his exceeding good Lord, the  
Earle of Middlesex, &c.

**T**Hough (my good Lord) this  
martiall History suffer the  
division of Acts and Scenes,  
both for the more perspicuity  
and height of the celebration, yet neuer  
toucht it at the Stage ; or if it had  
(though some may perhaps causelesly  
empaire it) yet would it, I hope, fall  
vnder no exception in your Lordships  
better-iudging estimation, since sceni-  
call representation is so farre from gi-  
uing iust cause of any least diminution ;  
that the personall and exact life it giues

to any History, or other such delineation  
of humane actions, adds to them lustre,  
spirit and apprehension, which the only  
section of Acts and scenes makes mee  
stand vpon thus much, since that only in  
some precisiones will require a little  
preuention: And the hasty prose the stile  
auoides, obtaine to the more temperate  
and staid numerous elocution, some assi-  
stance to the acceptation and grace of it.  
Though ingeniously my gratitude con-  
fesseth (my Lord) it is not such as here-  
after follow to your honor; being written  
so long since; and had not the timely  
ripenesse of that age that (I thank God)  
I yet finde no fault withall for any  
old defects.

Good my Lord vouchsafe your idle mi-  
nutes may admit some slight glances at  
this, till some worke of more novelty and  
fashion

*fashion may conferre this the more liking  
of your honors more worthy deseruings;  
To which his bounden affection vowes  
all seruices.*

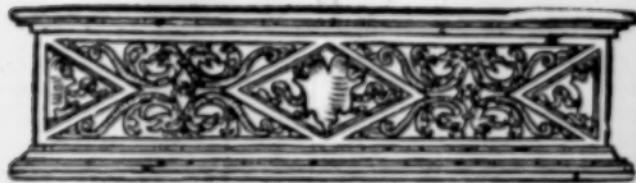
Euer your Lordships.

**GEO. CHAPMAN.**

## The Argument.

**P**ompey and *Cesar* bring their Armies so neare Rome, that the Senate except against them. *Cesar* vnduly and ambitiously commanding his forces. Pompey more for feare of *Cesars* violence to the State, then mou'd with any affection of his own greatnesse. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made, which yet not conduced to their ends, warre ends them. In which at first *Cesar* is forc't to fly, whom Pompey not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding Conqueror; his victory was preuented, and he vnhappily dishonor'd. Whose ill fortune his most louing and learned wife *Cornelia* traualde after, with paines solemne and carefull enough; whom the two *Lentnli* and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murthered.

Both the Consuls and *Cato* are slaughterd with their owne invincible hands; and *Cesar* (in spight of all his fortune) without his victory, victor.



# ONELY A IVST MAN ISA FREE MAN.

## A&T I. Scene I.

*Cato, Athenodorus, Porcius, Statilius.*

*Cat.* Now will the two Suns of our Romane Heauen  
(*Pompey & Cesar*) in their Tropicke burning,  
With their contention, all the clouds assemble  
That threaten tempests to our peace & Em-  
Which we shall shortly see poure down in bloud, (pire,  
Ciuitall and naturall, wilde and barbarous turning.

*Ath.* From whence presage you this?

*Cat.* From both their Armies,  
Now gathered neare our Italie, contending  
To enter severally: *Pompeys* brought so neare  
By Romes consent; for feare of tyranous *Cesar*,  
Which *Cesar* fearing to be done in fauour  
Of *Pompey*, and his passage to the Empire;  
Hath brought on his for interuention.

And such a flocke of Puttocks follow *Cesar*,  
For fall of his ill-disposed Purse  
(That never yet spar'd Crosse to Aquiline vertue)  
As well may make all ciuill spirits suspicioius.  
Locke how against great raines, a standing Poole  
Of Paddockes, Todes, and water-Snakes put vp

## The Tragedy of

Their speckl'd throates aboue the venomous Lake,  
Croking and gasping for some fresh fadne drops  
To quench their poisond thirst; being neere to stifie  
With clotterd purgings of their owne foule bane;  
So still, where *Cesar* goes, there thrust vp head,  
Impostors, Flatterers, Fauorites, and Bawdes,  
Buffons, Intelligencers, select wits;  
Close Murtherers, Montibanckes, and decaied Theeues,  
To gaine their banefull liues relieves from him.  
From Britaine, Belgia, France, and Germanie,  
The scum of either Countrie, (chus'd by him,  
To be his blacke Guard, and red Agents here)  
Swarming about him.

*Port.* And all these are said  
To be suborn'd, in chiefe, against your selfe;  
Since *Cesar* chiefly feares, that you will sit  
This day his opposite; in the cause for which  
Both you were sent for home; and he hath stolne  
Accellie so soone here; *Pompey*: whole rest raisde  
To his encounter; and on both sides, Rome  
In generall vproafe.

*Stat.* Which Sir, if you saw,  
And knew, how for the danger, all suspect  
To this your worthiest friend (for that knowne freedome  
His spirit will vse this day, gainst both the Riuals,  
His wife and familie mourne, no food, no comfort  
Allowd them, for his danger) you would vse  
Your vtmost powrs to slay him from the Senate,  
All this daies Session.

*Cat.* Hee's too wise, *Statilius*,  
For all is nothing.

*Stat.* Nothing Sir? I saw  
*Cæsar* and *Pollux* Temple, thrust vp full,  
With all the damn'd crew you haue lately nam'd:  
The market place and suburbs swarming with them:  
And where the Senate sit, are Ruffians pointed  
To keepe from entring the degrees that goe

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Vp to the Bench; all other but the Consuls,  
*Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and the Senators,  
And all for no cause, but to keepe out *Cato*,  
With any violence, any villanie,  
And is this nothing Sir? Is his One life,  
On whom all goodliues, and their goods depend,  
In Romes whole Empire! All the Iustice there  
That's free, and simple; all such virtues too,  
And all such knowledge; Nothing, nothing, all!

*Cat.* Away *Statilius*; how long shall thy loue  
Excede thy knowledge of me, and the Gods?  
Whos rights thou wrongst for my right? haue not I  
Their powers to guard me, in a cause of theirs?  
Their iustice, and integrity included,  
In what I stand for? he that feares the Gods,  
For guard of any goodnessse; allthings feares;  
Earth, Seas, and Aire; Heauen, darknesse, broade day-lighr,  
Rumor, and Silence, and his very shade:  
And what an Aspen soule hath such a creature?  
How dangerous to his soule is such a feare?  
In whose cold fits, is all heauens iustice shaken  
To his faint thoughts; and all the goodnessse there  
Due to all good men, by the gods owne vowes,  
Nay, by the firmenesse of their endlesse Being,  
All which shall faile as soone as any one  
Good to a good man in them: for his goodnessse  
Proceeds from them, and is a beame of theirs.  
O neuer more, *Statilius*, may this feare  
Taint thy bould bolome, for thy selfe, or friend,  
More then the gods are fearefull to defend.

*Athen.* Come; let him goe, *Statilius*; and your fright;  
This man hath inward guard, past your yong sight. *Exennt*

*Enter Minutius, manet Cato.*

*Cat.* Welcome; come stand by me in what is fit  
For our poore Cities safety; nor respect  
Her proudest fogg corruption, or our danger

# The Tragedy of

Of what scene face soever.

*Min.* I am yours,

But what alas, Sir, can the weaknesse doe  
Against our whole State of vs only two ?  
You know our Statists spirits are so corrupt  
And seruile to the greatest ; that what crossest  
Them, or their owne particular wealth, or honor ;  
They will not enterprise to save the Empire.

*Cat.* I know it ; yet let vs doe like our selues. *Exeunt.*

Enter some bearing Axes, bundles of rods, bare ; before two  
*Consuls*, *Cesar* and *Metellus* ; *Antonius*, and *Marcellus*  
in couples ; *Senators*, *People*, *Souldiers*, &c. following.

*The Consuls enter the Degrees, with Antonius,  
and Marcellus : Cesar staying a while  
without with Metellus, who bath  
a paper in his hand.*

*Cef.* Move you for entring only Pompeys army ;  
Which if you gaine for him ; for me, all iustice  
Will ioyne with my request of entring mine.

*Met.* Tis like so, and I purpose to enforce it.

*Cef.* But might we not win *Cato* to our friendship  
By honoring speeches, nor perswasive gifts ?

*Met.* Not possible.

*Cef.* Nor by enforciue vusage ?

*Met.* Not all the violence that can be vse,  
Of power, or set authoiry can stirre him,  
Much lesse faire words win, or rewards corrupt him ;  
And therefore all meanes we must vse to keepe him  
From off the Bench.

*Cef.* Give you the course for that,  
And if he offer entry, I haue fellowes  
Will serue your will on him, at my giuen signall.

*They ascend.*

*Enter*

# Cæsar and Pompey.

*Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, with papers.*

*Enter the Lictors, ascend and sit. After whom enter  
Cato, Minutius, Athenodorus,  
Statilius, Porcius.*

*Cat.* He is the man that sits so close to *Cæsar*,  
And holds the law there, whispering; see the Cowherd  
Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked.  
Ile part their whispering virtue.

1 Hold, keepe out.

2 What? honor'd *Cato*? enter, chuse thy place.

*Cat.* Come in;

*He drawes him in and sits betwixt Cæsar and Metellus.*

—Away vnworthy gromes.

3 No more.

*Cæs.* What shold one say to him?

*Met.* He will be Stoicall.

*Cat.* Where fit place is not giuen, it must be taken.

4 Doe, take it *Cato*; feare no greatest of them;  
Thou seek'it the peoples good; and these their owne.

5 Braue *Cato*! what a countenance he puts on?  
Let's give his noble will, our vtmost power.

6 Be bould in all thy will; for being iust,  
Thou maist defie the gods.

*Cat.* Said like a God.

*Met.* We must endure these people.

*Cæs.* Doe; begin.

*Met.* Consuls, and reuerend Fathers; And ye people,  
Whose voyces are the voyces of the Gods;  
I here haue drawne a law, by good consent,  
For entring into Italy, the army  
*Of Romes great Pompey:* that his forces here,  
As well as he, great Rome, may rest secure  
From danger of the yet still smoaking fire,  
*Of Catilines abhorrd conspiracy:*  
Of which the very chiefe are left aliue,  
Only chastisde, but with a gentle prison.

*Cat.* Put them to death then, and strike dead our feare,

## The Tragedy of

That well you vrge, by their vnfit furuiual.  
Rather then keepe it quick ; and two liues giue it,  
By entertaining Pompeys army too.

That giues as great cause of our feate, as they.

For their conspiracy, onely was to make  
One Tyrant ouer all the State of *Rome*.

And Pompeys army, sufferd to be entred,  
Is, to make him, or giue him meanes to be so.

*Met.* It followes not.

*Cat.* In purpose; clearly Sir,  
Which Ile illustrate, with a cleare exar: ple.  
If it be day, the Sunne's aboue the earth ;  
Which followes not (youle answere) for 'tis day  
When first the morning breakes ; and yet is then  
The body of the Sunne beneath the earth ;  
But he is virtually aboue it too,  
Because his beames are there ; and who then knowes not  
His golden body will soone after mount.

So Pompeys army entred *Italy*,  
Yet Pompey's not in *Rome* ; but Pompey's beames  
Who sees not there ? and consequently, he  
Is in all meanesenthron'd in th'Emperie.

*Met.* Examples proue not, we will haue the army  
Of Pompey entred.

*Cato.* We? which we intend you ?  
Haue you already bought the peoples voices ?  
Or beare our Consuls or our Senate here  
So small loue to their Country ; that their wills  
Beyond their Countrys right are so peruerse,  
To giue a Tyrant here entire command ?  
Which I haue prou'd as cleare as day, they doe ;  
If either the Conspirators furuiuing  
Be let to liue ; or Pompeys army entred ;  
Both which, beat one sole path ; and threat one danger.

*Cat.* Consuls, and honor'd Fathers ; The sole entry  
Of Pompeys army, Ile not yet examine :  
But for the great Conspirators yet living,

(Which

## Cæsar and Pompey.

( Which *Cato* will conclude as one selfe danger,  
To our deare Country ; and deterre all therefore  
That louetheir Country, from their liues defence  
I see no reason why such danger hangs  
On their sau'd liues ; being still safe kept in prison ;  
And since close prison, to a Roman freedome,  
Ten fold torments more, then directest death,  
Who can be thought to louethe lesse his Country,  
That seekes to sauе their liues ? And lest my selfe  
(Thus speaking for them) be vnjustly toucht  
With any lesse doubt of my Countryes loue,  
Why (reuerend Fathers) may it be esteem'd  
Selfe praise in me, to proue my selfe a chiefe  
Both in my loue of her, and in desert  
Of her like loue in me ? For he that does  
Most honour to his Mistresse, well may boast  
(Without least question) that he loues her most.  
And though things long since done, were long since  
And so may seeme superfluous to repeat ; (known,  
Yet being forgotten, as things never done,  
Their repetition needfull is, in justice,  
T'enflame the shame of that obliuion :  
For hoping it will seeme no lesse empaire  
To others acts, to truely tell mine owne ;  
Put all together, I haue past them all  
That by their acts can boast themselues to be  
Their Countries louers : first in those wilde kingdomes  
Subdu'd to *Rome*, by my vnwearied toyles.  
Which I dissaug'd and made nobly ciuill.  
Next, in the multitude of those rude Realmes  
That so I fashond ; and to *Romes* yong Empire  
Of old haue added : Then the battailes numbred  
This hand hath fought, and wonne for her, with all  
Those infinites of dreadfull enemies  
(I flue in them : Twiee fifteene hundred thousand  
All able Souldiers) I haue driuen at once  
Before my forces : and in sundry onsets,

## *The Tragedy of*

A thousand thousand of them, put to sword:  
Besides, I tooke in lesse then ten yeares time,  
By strong assault, aboue eight hundred Cities,  
Three hundred severall Nations, in that space,  
Subduing to my Countrey, all which seruice,  
I trust, may interest me in her loue,  
Publique, and generall enough, to aquit me  
Of any selfe-loue; past her common good:  
For any motion of particular iustice  
(By which her generall Empire is maintayned)  
That I can make for those accused prisoners,  
Which is but by the way; that so the reason  
*Metellus* makes for entring *Pompeys* armie,  
May not more weighty seeme, then to agree  
With those imprison'd nobles, vitall safeties.  
Which granted, or but yeelded fit to be,  
May well extenuate the necessity  
Of entring *Pompeys* armie.

*Cat.* All that need

I tooke away before; and reasons gaue  
For a necessity to keepe it out  
Whose entry (I thinke) he himselfe affects not.  
Since I as well thinke he affects not th'Empire,  
And both those thoughts hold; since he loues his Country,  
In my great hopes of him too well to seeke  
His sole rule of her, when so many soules,  
So hard a taske approue it; nor my hopes  
Of his sincere loue to his Country, build  
On sandier grounds then *Cesars*; since he can  
As good Cards shew for it as *Cesar* did,  
And quit therein the close aspersion  
Of his ambition, seeking to imploy  
His army in the breast of Italy.

*Pomp.* Let me not thus (imperiall Bench and Senate)  
Feele my selfe beat about the eares, and tost  
With others breathes to any coast they please:  
And not put some stay to my errors in them.

## Cæsar and Pompey.

The gods can witnessse that not my ambition  
Hath brought to question th'entry of my army ;  
And therefore not suspected the effect,  
Of which that entry is supposde the cause :  
Which is a will in me, to give my power  
The rule of *Romes* sole Empire ; that most strangely  
Would put my will in others powers, and powers  
(Vnforfeitt by my fault) in others wills.  
My selfe-loue, out of which all this must rise : —  
I will not wrong the knowne proofes of my loue  
To this my native Cities publique good,  
To quit, or thinke of ; nor repeat those proofes  
Confirm'd in those three triumphs I haue made ;  
For conquest of the whole inhabited world ;  
First *Affrick*, *Europe*, and then *Asia*,  
Which never Consull but my selfe could boast.  
Nor can blinde Fortune vaunt her partiall hand,  
In any part of all my seruices,  
Though some haue said, she was the page of *Cæsar*,  
Both sayling, marching, fighting, and preparing  
His fights in very order of his battailes :  
The parts she plaid for him inuerting nature,  
As giuing calmnesse to th'enraged sea ;  
Imposing Summers weather on sterne winter ;  
Winging the slowest foot he did command,  
And his most Cowherd making fierce of hand.  
And all this ever when the force of man  
Was quite exceeded in it all ; and she  
In th' instant adding her cleare deity.  
Yet, her for me, I both disclaime and scorne ;  
And where all fortune is renounc't, no reason  
Will thinke one man transferd with affectionation  
Of all *Romes* Empire ; for he must haue fortune  
That goes beyond a man ; and where so many  
Their handfulls finde with it ; the one is mad  
That undergoes it : and where that is clear'd ;  
Th'imputed meanes to it, which is my fute

# The Tragedy of

For entry of mine army, I confute.

*Cat.* What resteth then, this of all parts being disclaim'd?

*Met.* My part, Sir, resteth, that let great Pompey beare  
What spirit he listes ; 'tis needfull yet for *Rome*,  
That this Law be establisht for his army.

*Cas.* Tis then as needfull to admit in mine ;  
Or else let both lay downe our armes ; for else  
To take my charge off, and leue Pompey his ;  
You wrongfully accuse me to intend  
A tyranny amongst ye ; and shall giue  
Pompey full meanes to be himselfe a tyrant,

*Antb.* Can this be answer'd ?

*1 Conf.* Is it then your wils  
That Pompey shall cease armes ?

*Antb.* What else ?

*Omn.* No, no.

*2 Conf.* Shall Cesar cease his armes ?

*Omn.* I, I.

*Antb.* For shame

Then yeeld to this cleare equity, that both  
May leue their armes.

*Omn.* We indifferent stand.

*Met.* Read but this law, and you shall see a difference  
Twixt equity and your indifferency ;  
All mens obiections answered ; Read it Notary.

*Cat.* He shall not read it.

*Met.* I will read it then.

*Mir.* Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vaine,  
Pretending cause for Pompeys armes entry,  
That only by thy Complices and thee ;  
Tis foyg'd to set the Senate in an vproare.

*Met.* I haue it Sir, in memory, and will speake it.

*Cat.* Thou shalt be dumbe as soone.

*Cas.* Pull downe this *Cato*,  
Author of factions, and to prison with him.

*Gen.* Come downe Sir.

*Pom.* Hence ye mercenary Russians.

*He drawes,*  
*and all draw.*

*3 Conf.*

## Cæsar and Pompey.

I say, What outrage shew you? heath your insolent swords,  
Or be proclaim'd your Countreys foes and traytors.

Pom. How insolent a part was this in you,  
To offer the imprisonment of Cæsar?  
When there is right in him (were forme so answer'd  
With termes and place) to send vs both to prison?  
If, of our owne ambitions, we should offer  
Th'entry of our armies; for who knowes  
That, of vs both, the best friend to his Country,  
And freest from his owne particular ends;  
(Being in his power) would not allume the Empire,  
And hauing it, could rule the State so well  
As now'tis gouer'nd, for the common good?

Cæs. Accuse your selfe, Sir, (if your conscience vrge it)  
Or of ambition, or corruption,  
Or insufficiencie to rule the Empire,  
And sound not me with your Lead.

Pom. Lead / tis Gold,  
And spirit of Gold too; to the politique drosse  
With which false Cæsar sounds men; and for which  
His praise and honour crownes them; who sounds not  
The inmost sand of Cæsar? for but sand  
Is all the rope of your great parts affected.  
You speake well, and are learn'd; and golden speech  
Did Nature neuer giue man; but to guild  
A copper soule in him; and all that learning  
That heartily is spent in painting speech,  
Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.  
But y'au another praise for temperance,  
Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate.  
For so you must be; at least in your meales,  
Since y'au a malady that tyes you to it;  
For feare of daily fals in your aspirings.  
And your disease the gods nere gaue to man;  
But such a one, as had a spirit too great  
For all his bodies passages to serue it,  
Which notes th'excelse of your ambition.

## *The Tragedy of*

The malady chancing where the pores and passages  
Through which the spirit of a man is borne,  
So narrow are, and straight, that oftentimes  
They intercept it quite, and choake it vp.  
And yet because the greatnessse of it notes  
A heat mere fleshly, and of bloods ranck fire,  
Goates are of all beasts subiect to it most.

*Ces.* Your selfe might haue it then, if those faults cause it;  
But deales this man ingeniously, to tax  
Men with a frailty that the gods inflict?

*Pomp.* The gods inflict on men, diseases neuer,  
Or other outward malises, but to decipher,  
Correct, and order some rude vice within them :  
And why decipher they it, but to make  
Men note, and shun, and tax it to th'extreame ?  
Nor will I see my Countryes hopes abusde,  
In any man commanding in her Empire ;  
If my more tryall of him, makes me see more  
Into his intricacies ; and my freedome  
Hath spirit to speake more, then obseruers seruile.

*Ces.* Be free, Sir, of your insight and your speech ;  
And speak, and see more, then the world besides ;  
I must remember I haue heard of one,  
That fame gaue out, could see thotorow Oke and stome :  
And of another set in *Sicily*,  
That could discerne the Carthaginian Nauy,  
And number them distinctly, leauing harbor,  
Though full a day and nights saile distant thence :  
But these things (Reuerend Fathers) I conceiue,  
Hardly appeare to you worth graue beliefe :  
And therefore since such strange things haue beene seene  
In my so deepe and foule detractions,  
By only Lyncean *Pompey* ; who was most  
Lou'd and beleeu'd of *Romes* most famous whore,  
Infamous *Flora* ; by so fine a man  
As *Galba*, or *Sarmentus* ; any iester  
Or flatterer may draw through a Ladys Ring ;

## Cæsar and Pompey.

By one that all his Souldiers call in scorne  
Great *Agamemnon*, or the king of men;  
I rest vnmou'd with him; and yeeld to you  
To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow.

*Cæs.* My Lords, ye make all *Rome* amaz'd to heare.

*Pom.* Away, Ile heare no more; I heare it thunder  
My Lords; All you that loue the good of *Rome*,  
I charge ye, follow me; all such as stay,  
Are friends to *Cæsar*, and their Countrysfoes.

*Cæs.* Th' event will fall out contrary, my Lords.

*1 Conf.* Goe, thou art a thief to *Rome*, dilcharge thine army,  
Or be proclaim'd, forthwith, her open foe.

*2 Conf.* Pompey, I charge thee, helpe thy iniur'd Country  
With what powers thou hast arm'd, and leuy more.

*The Ruffians.* Warre, warre, O *Cæsar*.

*Sen. and Peop.* Peace, peace, worthy *Pompey*.

## Act II. Scene I.

*Enter Fronte all ragg'd, in an overgrownred Beard,  
black head, with a Halter in his hand,  
looking about.*

**V**Arres, warres, and presses, fly in fire about;  
No more can I lurke in my lasie corners,  
Nor shifting courses: and with honest meanes  
To rack my miserable life out, more,  
The rack is not so fearefull; when dishonest  
And villanous fashions faile me; can I hope  
To live with virtuous? or to raise my fortunes  
By creeping vp in Souldierly degrees?  
Since villany varied thorow all his figures,  
Will put no better case on me then this;  
Despaire! come seale me: I had able meanes;

## The Tragedy of

And spent all in the swinge of lewd affections;  
Plung'd in all riot, and the rage of blood;  
In full assurance that being knaue enough,  
Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough,  
I needs must haue enough, while this world lasted;  
Yet, since I am a poore, and ragged knaue,  
My rags disgrace my knauery so, that none  
Will thinke I am knaue; as if good clothes  
Were knacks to know a knaue; when all men know  
He has no liuing? which knacks since my knauery  
Can shew no more; and only shew is all  
That this world cares for; he step out of all  
The cares'tis sleep't in.

*He offers to hang himselfe.*

*Thunder, and the Gulf opens, flames issuing; and O-*  
*phionem ascending, with the face, wings, and*  
*taile of a Dragon; a skin coate all*  
*speckled on the throat.*

*Oph.* Hold Rascall, hang thy selfe in these dayes?  
The only time that euer was for a Rascall to liue in?

*Fro.* How chance I cannot liue then?

*Oph.* Either th'art not rascall nor villaine enough;  
Or else thou dost not pretend honesty  
And piety enough to disguise it;

*Fro.* That's certaine, for every asse doesthat.  
What art thou?

*Oph.* A villaine worse then thou.

*Fro.* And dost breathe?

*Oph.* I speake thou hear'st, I moue, my pulse beates  
Fast as thine.

*Fro.* And wherefore liu'st thou?

*Oph.* The world's out of frame, a thousand Rulers  
Wrestling it this way, and that, with as many  
Religions; when, as heauens vpper Sphere is mou'd  
Onely by one; so shoulde the Sphere of earth be, and  
He haue it so.

*Fro.*

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Fro. How canst thou ? what art thou ?

Oph. My shape may tell thee.

Fro. No man ?

Oph. Man ? no, spawne of a clot, none of that cursed Crew, damn'd in the malle it selfe ; plagu'd in his birth, Confinde to creepe below, and wrestle with the Elements ; Teach himselfe tortures ; kill himselfe, hang himselfe ; No such gally slauie, but at warre with heauen ; Spurning the power of the gods, command the Elements.

Fro. What maist thou be then ?

Oph. An endlesse friend of thine ; an immortall deuill.

Fro. Heauen blesse vs.

Oph. Nay then, forth, goe, hang thy selfe, and thou talk' st Of heauen once.

Fro. I haue done ; what deuill art thou ?

Oph. Read the old stoick Pherecides, that tel's thee Me truly, and sayes that I *Ophionem* (for so is My name.)

Fro. *Ophionem* ? what's that ?

Oph. Deuiliſh Serpent, by interpretation ; was generall Captaine of that rebellious host of spirits that Wag'd warre with heauen.

Fro. And so were hurl'd downe to hell.

Oph. We were so ; and yet haue the rule of earth, and care Any man for the worst of hell then ?

Fro. Why shoule he ?

Oph. Well said ; what's thy name now ?

Fro. My name is *Fronto*.

Oph. *Fronto* ? A good one ; and has *Fronto* liu'd thus long In *Rome* ? lost his state at dice ? murther'd his Brother for his meane ? spent all ? run thorow worse Offices since ? beene a Promoter ? a Purveyor ? a Pander ? A Sumner ? a Sergeant ? an Intelligencer ? and at last Hang thy selfe ?

Fro. How the deuill knowes he all this ?

Oph. Why thou art a most greene Player in policy, I perceiue ; and maist drinke Coles-soule, for all thy

Horse mane

## The Tragedy of

Horsemane beard : S'light, what need hast  
Thou to hang thy selfe ? as if there were a dearth  
Of hangmen in the land ? Thou liu'st in a good cheape  
State, a man may be hang'd here for a little, or  
Nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation ?

Fro. My idle dissolute life, is thrust out of all his corners  
By this searching tumult now on foot in Rome.

*Cesar now and Pompey*  
Are both for battaile : Pompey (in his feare  
Of Cesaſ greater force) is ſending hence  
His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

*Enter Pompey running over the Stage with his wife and chil-  
dren, Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius, Page; ; other Se-  
nators, the Consuls and all following.*

See, all are on their wings ; and all the City  
In ſuch an vproare, as if fire and ſword  
Were ransacking, and ruining their houses,  
No idle person now can lurke neare Rome,  
All muſt to armes ; or ſhake their heeles beneath  
Her martiaſ halters ; whose officious pride  
Ile ſhun, and vſe mine owne ſwinge : I be forc't  
To helpe my Countrey, when it forceth me  
To this paſt-helping pickle ?

Oph. Goe to, thou ſhalt ferue me ; chafe thy profeſſion ;  
And what cloth thou wouldſt wiſh to haue thy Coat  
Cut out on.

Fro. I can name none.

Oph. Shall I be thy learn'd Counſaile ?

Fro. None better.

Oph. Be an Archflamen then, to one of the Gods.

Fro. Archflamen ? what's that ?

Oph. A Priest.

Fro. A Priest ? that ne're was Clerke ?

Oph. No Clerke ? what then ?

The greatest Clerks are not the wiſeſt men.

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Nor skils it for degrees in a knaue, or a fooles preferment,  
Thou shalt rise by fortune : let desert rise leisurely  
Enough, and by degrees ; fortune preferres headlong,  
And comes like riches to a man ; huge riches being  
Got with little paines ; and litlle with huge paines. And  
For discharge of the Priesthood, what thou wantst  
In learning, thou shalt take out in goodfellowship :  
Thou shalt equiuocate with the Sophister, prate with  
The Lawyer, scrape with the Visurer, drinke with the  
Dutchman, iweare with the French man, cheat  
With the English man, brag with the Scot, and  
Turne all this to Religion, *Hoc est regnum  
Deorum Gentium.*

*Fro.* All this I can doe to a haire.

*Oph.* Very good, wilt thou shew thy selfe deeplye learn'd too,  
And to live licentiously here, care for nothing hereafter ?

*Fro.* Not for hell ?

*Oph.* For hell ? soft Sir ; hop'st thou to purchase hell  
With only dicing or whoring away thy living ?  
Murthering thy brother, and so forth ? No there  
Remaine works of a higher hand and deeper braine,  
To obtaine hell. Thinkst thou earths great  
Potentates haue gotten their places there with  
Any single act of murther, poysoning, adultery,  
And the rest ? No ; tis a purchase for all manner  
Of villany ; especially, that may be priuiledg'd  
By Authority ; colourd with holiness, and enioyd  
With pleasure.

*Fro.* O this were most honourable and admirable.

*Oph.* Why such an admirable honorable villane shalt  
Thou be.

*Fro.* Is't possible ?

*Oph.* Make no doubt on't ; He inspire thee.

*Fro.* Sacred and puissant. *He kynnes.*

*Oph.* Away ; Companion and friend, give me thy  
Hand ; say, dost not loue me ? art not enamoured  
Of my acquaintance ?

# The Tragedy of

Fro. Protest I am.

Oph. Well said, protest and tis enough. And know for Infallible ; I haue promotion for thee ; both here, and Hereafter ; which not one great one amongst Millions shall euer aspire to. *Alexander*, nor great *Grys*, retaine those titles in hell, that they did On earth.

Fro. No ? Oph. No : he that sold Seacoale here, shall be A Baron there ; he that was a cheating Rogue here, shall be a Justice of peace there ; A knaue here, a knight there. In the meane Space, learne what it is to liue ; and thou shalt Haue Chopines at commandment to any height Of life thou canst wish.

Fro. I feare my fall is too low.

Oph. Too low foole that hast thou not heard of *Vulcans* falling Out of heauen ? Light a thy legges, and no matter Though thou halft with thy best friend euer after ; tis The more comely and fashionable. Better goe lame In the fashion with *Pompey*, then neuer so vpright, Quite out of the fashion with *Cato*.

Fro. Yet you cannot change the old fashion (they say) And hide your clouen feet.

Oph. No ? I can weare Roses that shall spread quite Ouer them.

Fro. For loue of the fashion doe then.

Oph. Goe to ; I will hereafter.

Fro. But for the Priesthood you offer me, I affect it not.

Oph. No ? what faist thou to a rich office then ?

Fro. The only second meanes to raise a rascall In the earth.

Oph. Goe to ; Ile helpe thee to the besl ith earth then : And that's in *Sicilia* ; the very storehouse of the Romanes, where the Lord chiese Censor there Lyes now a dying ; whose soule I will haue ; and Thou shalt haue his office.

Fro. Excellent, was euer great office better supplied ? *Excess*.

*Nuntius.*

# Cæsar and Pompey.

Nuntius.

Now is the mighty Empresse of the earth  
(Great *Rome*) fast lockt vp in her fancied strength,  
All broke in vproares ; fearing the iust gods  
In plagues will drowne her so abused blessings.  
In which feare, all without her wals, fly in ;  
By both their iarring Champions rushing out ;  
And those that were within, as fast fly forth ;  
The Consuls both are fled without one rite  
Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,  
As ever heretofore their custome was  
When they began the bloody frights of warre.  
In which our two great Souldiers now encountering,  
Since both left *Rome*, oppos'd in bitter skirmish,  
*Pompey* (not willing yet to hazard battaile,  
By *Cæsar* counsaile, vrging good cause) fled :  
Which firing *Cæsar* spirit, he pursu'd  
So home, and fiercely, that great *Pompey* skorning  
The heart he tooke, by his aduised flight,  
Despisde aduice as much as his pursuite.  
And as in *Lybia*, an aged Lion,  
Vrg'd from his peacefull couert, feares the light  
With his vnready and diseas'd appearance,  
Giues way to chace a while, and coldly hunts,  
Till with the youthfull hunters wanton heat,  
He all his coole wrath frets into a flame :  
And then his sides he swinges with his Sterne,  
To lash his strenth vp, let's downe all his browes  
About his burning eycs ; erects his mane,  
Breakes all his throat in thunders, and to wreake  
His hunters insolence, his heart eu'en barking ;  
He frees his fury, turnes, and rushes back  
With such a gastily horror, that in heapes,  
His proud foes fly, and he that flaton keepes :  
So *Pompey* coole spirits, put to all their heat

D 3

By

# The Tragedy of

By *Cesars* hard pursuit he turnd fresh head,  
And flew vpon his foe with such a rapture  
As tooke vp into furies, all friends feares;  
Who fir'd with his first turning, all turnd head,  
And gaue so fierce a charge, their followers fled,  
Whose instant issue on their both sides, see,  
And after set out such a tragedy,  
As all the Princes of the earth may come  
To take their patternes by the spirits of *Rome*.

*Alarums, after which enter Cesar following Craf-*  
*nus calling to the Souldiers.*

*Craf.* Stay cowherd, fly ye *Cesars* fortunes ?  
*Ces.* Forbeare foolish *Craffinus*, we contend in vaine  
To stay these vapours, and must raise our Campe.  
*Craf.* How shall we rise (my Lord) but all in vproares,  
Being still pursu'd?

*Enter Aciinus.*

The pursuit stayes, my Lord,  
*Pompey* hath sounded a retreat, resigning  
His time to you to vse, in instant rayling  
Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where fortune  
May good amends make for her fault to day.

*Ces.* It was not fortunes fault, but mine *Aciinus*,  
To giue my foe charge, being so neare the sea,  
Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,  
And should haue driven th'encounter further off;  
Bearing before me such a goodly Country,  
So plentifull, and rich, in all things fit  
To haue suppli'd my armies want with victuals,  
And th'able Cities too, to strengthen it,  
Of *Macedon* and *Thessaly*, where now  
I rather was besieg'd for want of food,  
Then did assault with fighting force of armes.

*Enter*

# Cæsar and Pompey.

Enter Anthony, Vibius, with others.

*Ant.* See, Sir, here's one friend of your foes recover'd.

*Cæs. Vibius?* In happy houre.

*Vib.* For me vnhappy.

*Cæs.* What t brought against your will?

*Vib.* Else had not come.

*Ant.* Sir, hee's your prisoner, but had made you his,  
Had all the rest pursu'd the chace like him;  
He draue on like a fury; past all friends,  
But we that tooke him quick in his engagement.

*Cæs.* O *Vibius*, you deserue to pay a ransome  
Of infinite rate, for had your Generall ioyn'd  
In your addressien, or knowne how to conquer;  
This day had prou'd him the supreme of *Cæsar*.  
*Vib.* Knowne how to conquer? His ffe hundred Conquests  
Atchieu'd ere this day, make that doubt vnsit  
For him that flyes him; for, of issues doubtfull  
Who can at all times put on for the best?  
If I were mad, must hee his army venture  
In my engagement? Nor are Generalls euer  
Their powers disposers, by their proper Angels,  
But trust against them, oftentimes, their Counsailes,  
Wherein, I doubt not, *Cæsars* selfe hath err'd  
Sometimes, as well as *Pompey*.

*Cæs.* Or done worse,  
In disobeying my Counsaile (*Vibius*)  
Of which, this dayes abused light is witnesse;  
By which I might haue seene a course secure  
Of this discomfiture.

*Ant.* Amends fits euer  
Aboue repentance, what's done, wil not vndone;  
But that prepared patience that you know  
Best fits a soilder charg'd with hardest fortunes;  
Asks still your vse, since powers still temperate kept  
Ope still the clearer eyes by one faults light

# The Tragedy of

To place the next act, in the surer right.

*Ces.* You prompt me nobly Sir, repaying in me  
Mine owne stayes practice, out of whose repose  
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc't me  
Thus farre beyond my temper; but good *Vibius*,  
Be ransom'd with my loue, and hastle to *Pompey*,  
Entreating him from me, that we may meet,  
And for that reason which I know this day  
(Was giuen by *Cato*, for his pursutes stay  
Which was preuention of our Romane blood)  
Propose my offer of our hearty peace.  
That being reconcil'd, and mutuall faith  
Giuen on our either part, not three dayes light  
May further shew vs foes, but (both our armes  
Disperst in Garisons) we may returne  
Within that time to *Italy*, such friends  
As in our Countreyes loue, containe our splenes

*Vib.* Tis offerd,Sir, 'boue the rate of *Cesar*  
In other men, but in what I approue  
Beneath his merits : which I will not faile  
T'enforce at full to *Pompey*, nor forget  
In any time the gratitude of my seruice. *Vi. salutes Ant. and Ces.* Your loue,Sir, and your friendship. *the other, & exit.*  
*Ant.* This prepares a good induction to the change offor-  
In this dayes issue, if the pride it kindles (tune,  
In *Pompeys* vaines, makes him deny a peace  
So gently offerd : for her alterd hand  
Works neuer surer from her ill to good  
On his side she hath hurt, and on the other  
With other changes, then when meanes are vidente  
To keepe her constant, yet retires refusde.

*Ces.* I try no such conclusion, but desire  
Directly peace. In meane space Ile prepare  
For other issue in my vtmost meanes ;  
Whose hopes now resting at *Brundifium*,  
In that part of my army, with *Sabinus*,  
I wonder he so long delaies to bring me,

And

## Cæsar and Pompey.

And must in person haste him, if this Euen  
I heare not from him.

*Craft.* That (I hope) flyes farre  
Your full intent, my Lord, since Pompeys navie,  
You know, lies houering all alongst those seas,  
In too much danger, for what ayde soeuer  
You can procure to passe your person safe.

*Acil.* Which doubt may prove the cause that stayes Sabinus,  
And, if with shipping fit to passe your army,  
Heyet straine stime to venture, I presume  
You will not passe your person with such Conuoy  
Of those poore vessels, as may serue you here.

*Cef.* How shall I helpe it? shall I suffer this  
Torment of his delay? and rack suspitions  
Worse then assur'd destructions through my thoughts.

*Antb.* Past doubt he will be here; I left all orderd,  
And full agreement made with him to make  
All vtmost haste, no lealt let once suspected.

*Cef.* Suspected? what suspicion should feare a friend  
In such assur'd streights from his friends enlargement.  
If twere his souldiers safeties he so tenders,  
Were it not better they should sink by sea,  
Then wrack their number, King and cause ashore?  
Their stay is worth their ruine, should we live,  
If they in fault were? if their leader? he  
Sould dye the deaths of all; in meane space, I  
That should not, beare all, fly the sight in shame,  
Thou eye of nature, and abortive night  
Fall dead amongst vs: with defects, defects  
Must serue proportion; iustice never can  
Be else restor'd, nor right the wrongs of man.

*Exeunt.*

*Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athene-*  
*dorus, Porcius, Statilius.*

*Pomp.* This charge of our fierce foe, the friendly gods  
Haue in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back

With

## *The Tragedy of*

With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd,  
Of two and thirty Ensignes forc't from him,  
Two thousand souldiers slaine.

*Cat.* O boast not that,  
Their losse is yours, my Lord.

*Pomp.* I boast it not,  
But only name the number.

*Gab.* Which right well  
You might haue raisde so high, that on their tops  
Your Throne was offer'd, euer t'overlooke  
Subuerted *Caſar*, had you beene so bleſt  
To give ſuch honor to your Captaينes Counſailes  
As their alacrities did long to merit  
With proofeſfull action.

*Dens.* O twas ill neglected.  
*Stat.* It was deferr'd with reaſon, which not yet  
I h'euen ſo cleare is to conſute.

*Pom.* If twere,  
Our likeliest then was, not to hazard battaile,  
Th'aduenture being ſo caſuall; if compar'd  
With our more certaine meaneſ to his ſubuertiſon?  
For finding now our army amply storde  
With all things fit to tarry lurer time,  
Reason thought better to extend to length  
The warre betwixt vs; that his little ſtrength  
May by degrees proue none; which vrged now,  
(Conſiſting of his beſt and ableſt ſouldiers)  
We ſhould haue found at one direct ſet battaile  
Of marchleſſe valours, their defects of victuall  
Not tyring yet enough on their tough nerves,  
Where, on the other part, to put them ſtill  
In motion, and remotion, here and there;  
Enforcing them to fortifying ſtill  
Where ever they ſet downe; to ſiege a wall,  
Keēpe watch all night in armour: their moſt part  
Can neuer beare it, by their yeare's opprefſion;  
Spent heretofore too much in thofa ſteele toyſ.

*Cat.*

## Cæsar and Pompey.

*Cat.* I so aduisde, and yet repent it not,  
But much reioyce in so much sau'd blood  
As had beeene pour'd out in the stroke of battaile,  
Whose fury thus preuented, comprehends  
Your Countreys good, and Empires; in whose care,  
Let me beseech you that in all this warre,  
You lackno City, subiect to our Rule,  
Nor put to sword one Citizen of *Rome*;  
But when the needfull fury of the sword  
Can make no fit distinction in maine battaile,  
That you will please still to prolong the stroke  
Of abolute decision to these iarres,  
Considering you shall strike it with a man  
Of much skill and experiance, and one  
That will his Conquest sell at infinite rate,  
If that must end your difference; but I doubt  
There will come humble offer on his part,  
Of honor'd peace to you, for whose sweet name  
So cryed out to you in our late-met Senate,  
Lost no fit offer of that wished treaty.  
Take pity on your Countreys blood as much  
As possible may stand without the danger  
Of hindering her iustice on her foes,  
Which all the gods to your full wish dispose.

*Pom.* Why will you leaue vs? whither will you goe  
To keepe your worthyest person in more safety  
Then in my army, so devoted to you?

*Cat.* My person is the least, my Lord, I value;  
I am commanded by our powerfull Senate,  
To view the Cities, and the kingdomes scituare  
About your either army, that which side  
Soeuer conquer, no disordered straglers  
Putt with the Conquest, or by need impell,  
May take their swinge more then the care of one  
May curb and order in these neighbor confines  
My chiefe passe yet resolues for Utica.

*Pom.* Your passe (my truest friend, and worthy Father)

## The Tragedy of

May all good powers make safe, and alwayes answer  
Your infinite merits, with their like protection.

In which, I make no doubt but we shall meet  
With mutuall greetings, or for absolute conquest  
Or peace præventing that our bloody stroke,  
Not let our paring be dishonor'd so,  
As not to take into our noblest notice  
Your selfe (most learned and admired Father)  
Whose merits, if I liue, shall lack no honor.

*Porcius, Statilinus,* though your spirits with mine  
Would highly chere me, yet ye shall bestow them  
In much more worthy conduct, but loue me,  
And wish me conquest, for your Countreys sake.

*Sca.* Our liues shall seale our loues, Sir, with worst deaths  
Aduentur'd in your seruice.

*Pom.* Yare my friends.      *Exemn. Cat. Athen. Por. Sar.*  
These friendsthus gone, tis more then time we minded  
Our lost friend *Vibius*.

*Gab.* You can want no friends,  
See, our two Consuls, Sir, betwixt them bringing  
The worthy *Brunius*.

Enter two Consuls leading *Brunius* betwixt them.

*1 Cons.* We attend (my Lord)  
With no meane friend, to spirit your next encounter,  
Six thousand of our choice Patriarch youths  
Brought in his conduct.

*2 Cons.* And though never yet  
He hath saluted you with any word  
Or looke of flendrest loue in his whole life,  
Since that long time since, of his fathers death  
By your hand authord; yet see, at your need  
He comes to serue you freely for his Country.

*Pom.* His friendly presence, making vp a third  
With both your persons, I as gladly welcome,  
As if *Jones* triple flame had guilt this field,

And

## Cæsar and Pompey.

And lightn'd on my right hand, from his shield:

*Bru.* I well assure my selfe, Sir, that no thought  
In your ingenious construction, touches  
At the aspersion that my tendred seruice  
Proceeds from my despaire of elsewhere safety,  
But that my Countreys safety owning iustly  
My whole habilitie of life and fortunes,  
And you the ablest fautor of her safety,  
Her loue, and (for your loue of her) your owne  
Only makes sacred to your vse my offering.

*Pom.* Farre fly all other thought from my construction,  
And due acceptance of the liberall honor,  
Your loue hath done me, which the gods are witnesse,  
I take as storr'd vp in you by their fauours,  
Nor lesse esleeeme it then an offering holy;  
Since, as of all things, man is said the measure,  
So your full amerits measure forth a man.

*1 Conf.* See yet, my Lord, more friends.

*2 Conf.* Fiue Kings, your seruants.

*Enter fiue Kings.*

*Hib.* Conquest and all grace crowne the gracious Pompey,  
To serue whom in the sacred Romane safety,  
My selfe, *Iberius* King, present my forces.

*Theff.* And I that hold the tributary Throne  
Of Grecian *Theffaly*, submit my homage,  
To *Rome*, and Pompey.

*Cil.* So *Cilicia* too.

*Epir.* And so *Epirus*.

*Thra.* Lastly I from *Thrace*  
Present the duties of my power and seruice.

*Pom.* Your royll aides deserue of *Rome* and *Pompey*  
Our vtmost honors. O may now our fortune  
Not ballance her broad break twixt two light wings,  
Nor on a slippery globe sustaine her steps,  
But as the Spartans say, the Paphian Queen

# The Tragedy of

(The flood *Enroas* passing) laid aside  
Her Glasse, her Ceston, and her amorous graces,  
And in *Lycurgus* fauor; arm'd her beauties  
With Shield and Iaueline, so may fortune now,  
The flood of all our enemies forces passing  
With her faire Ensignes, and arriu'd at ours,  
Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd shooes,  
Her faithlesse, and still-towling stone spurne from her,  
And enter our powers as she may remaine  
Our firme assitent: that the generall aydes,  
Fauours, and honors you performe to *Rome*,  
May make her build with you her endlesse home.

*Omes.* The gods vouchsafe it; and our causes right.

*Dens.* What suddaine Shade is this? obserue my Lords,  
The night, methinks, comes on before her hour.

*Thunder and lightning.*

*Gab.* Nor trust me if my thoughts conceiue not so.

*Bru.* What thin clouds fly the winds, like swiftest shafts  
Along aires middle region.

*1 Conf.* They presage  
Vnusuall tempests.

*2 Conf.* And tis their repaire,  
That timelesse darken thus the gloomy ayre.

*Pom.* Let's force no *omen* from it, but avoid  
The vapors furies now by *Ioues* employd.

*Thunder continued, and Cesar enters disguised.*

The wrathfull tempest of the angry night,  
Where hell flies muff'd vp in clouds of pitch,  
Mingl'd with Sulphure, and those dreadfull bolts,  
The Cyclops Ram in *Ioues* Artillery,  
Hath rousde the furies, arm'd in all their horrors,  
Vp to the envious seas, in spight of *Cesar*.  
O night, O ielous night, of all the noblest  
Beauties, and glories, where the gods haue stroke  
Their fourre digestions, from thy gasty Chaos,

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Blush thus to drowne them all in this houre sign'd  
By the necessity of fate for Cæsar.  
I that haue ransackt all the world for worth,  
To forme in man the image of the gods,  
Must like them haue the power to checke the worst  
Of all things vnder their celestiall Empire,  
Stoope it, and burst it, or breake through it all,  
With vse and safetie, till the Crowne be set  
On all my actions; that the hand of nature  
In all her worst works ayming at an end,  
May in a master-peece of hers be seru'd  
With tops, and state fit for his virtuous Crowne:  
Not lift arts thus farre vp in glorious frame,  
To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.  
This riuer *Anisus* (in whose mouth now lyes  
A Pynnace I would passe in, to fetch on  
My armes dull rest from *Brundusium*)  
That is at all times else exceeding calme,  
(By reason of a purling wind that flyes  
Off from the shore each morning, driving vp  
The billows farre to sea) in this night yet,  
Beares such a terrible gale, put off from sea,  
As beats the land wind back, and thrusts the flood  
Vp in such vproare, that no boat dare stirre.  
And on it is dispersit all Pompeys nauy  
To make my perill yet more eniuious.  
Shall I yet shrinke for all? were all, yet more?  
There is a certaine need that I must giue  
Way to my passe; none, knowne, that I must live.

*Enter Master of a ship with Sailors*

*Mast.* What battaile is there fought now in the ayre.  
That threatens the wracke of nature?  
*Cæs.* Master? come.  
Shall we thrust through it all?  
*Mast.* What lost man,

# The Tragedy of

Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that dar'st make  
So desperate a motion.

*Ces.* Launch man, and all thy feares fraight disauow,  
Thou carriell Cesar and his fortunes now.

## Act III I. Scene I.

*Pompey, two Consuls, three Kings, Brutus, Ga-  
binius, Demetrius.*

**N**ow to Tharsalia, where the smarting strokes  
Of our resolu'd contention must resound,  
(My Lords and friends of Rome) I give you all  
Such welcome as the spirit of all my fortunes,  
Conquests, and triumphs (now come for their crowne)  
Can crowne your fauours with, and serue the hopes  
Of my deare Country, to her vtmost wish;  
I can but set vp all my being to giue  
So good an end to my forerunning Acts;  
The powers in me that formd them having lost  
No least time since, in gathering skill to better;  
But like so many Bees haue brought me home,  
The fweet of what soeuer flowers haue growne  
In all the meades, and gardens of the world.  
All which hath growne still, as the time encrease  
In which twas gather'd, and with which it stemm'd.  
That what decay soeuer blood inferr'd,  
Might with my mindes store, be suppli'd, and cher'd.  
All which, in one fire of this instant fight  
Ile burne, and sacrifice to euery cinder  
In sacred offering to my Countreys loue,  
And therefore what soeuer sort,  
As I no praise will looke for, but the good  
Freely bestow on all; (if good succeed)

## Cæsar and Pompey.

So if aduersc fate fall, I wish no blame,  
But th'ill befall me, made my fortunes shame,  
Not mine, nor my fault.

*1 Conf.* We too well loue Pompey,  
To doe him that iniustice.

*Brus.* Who more thirsts  
The Conquest, then resolues to beare the foile?

*Pom.* Said Brusius-like, giue seuerall witnesse all,  
That you acquit me whatsoeuer fall.

*2 Conf.* Particular men particular fates must beare,  
Who feeles his owne wounds lesse, to wound another?

*Theff.* Leave him the worst whose best is left vndone,  
He only conquers whose minde still is one.

*Epir.* Free mindes, like dice, fall square, what ere the cast.

*Ibw.* Who on him selfe sole stands, stands soley fast,

*Thra.* He's neuer downe, whose minde fights still aloft.

*Cil.* Who cares for vp or downe, when all's but thought,

*Gab.* To things cuents doth no mans power extend.

*Dem.* Since gods rule all, who any thing would mend.

*Pom.* If sweetly ease my charge, your selues vnburthening.  
Return'd not yet our trumpeter, sent to know  
Of Fibius certaine state?

*Gab.* Not yet, my Lord.

*Pomp.* Too long protract we all means to recouer  
His person quick or dead, for I shill thinke  
His iolle seru'd fate, before we blew retreat;  
Though some affirme him seene, soone after fighting.

*Dem.* Not after, Sir, (I heard) but ere it ended.

*Gab.* He bore a great minde to extend our pursuite  
Much further then it was; and seru'd that day  
(When you had, like the true head of a battaille,  
Led all the body in that glorious turne)  
Upon a farre-est Squadron that stood fast  
In conduct of the great Marc Anthony,  
When all the rest were fled, so past a man  
That in their tough receipt of him, I saw him  
Thrice breake thorow all with ease, and passe as faire

# The Tragedy of

As he had all beeene fire, and they but ayre.

*Pom.* He stuck at last yet, in their midſt, it ſeem'd.

*Gab.* So haue I ſeen a fire drake glide at midnight  
Before a dying man to point his graue,  
And in it ſtick and hide.

*Dem.* He comes yet ſafe.

A Trumpet ſounds, and enters before *Vibius*,  
with others.

*Pom.* O *Vibius*, welcome, what a prisoner ?  
With mighty *Cesar*, and ſo quickly ransom'd ?

*Vib.* I Sir, my ransom, needed little time,  
Either to gaine agreement for the value,  
Or the diſbursement, ſince in *Cesars* grace  
We both concluded.

*Pom.* Was his grace ſo free.

*Vib.* For your reſpect, Sir.

*Pom.* Nay, Sir, for his glory.  
That the maine Conqueſt he ſo ſurely builds on,  
(Which euer is forerun with petty fortunes)  
I take not effect, by taking any friend  
From all the moſt, my poore defence can make,  
But muſt be compleat, by his perfect owne.

*Vib.* I know, Sir, you more nobly rate the freedome  
He freely gaue your friend; then to peruerit  
So paſt his wil dome: that knowes much too well  
Th'vncertaine ſtate of Conqueſt; to raise frames  
Of ſuch prelumption on her fickle wings,  
And chiefly in a loſſe ſo late, and grieuous,  
Besides, your forces farre exceeding hiſ,  
His whole powers being but two and twenty thouſand:  
And yours full foure and forty thouſand strong:  
For all which yet, he flood as farre from feare  
In my enlargement, as the conſident glory  
You pleafe to put on him; and had this end  
In my ſo kinde diſmiffion, that as kindly

# Cæsar and Pompey.

I might solicite a sure peace betwixt you.

*Pom.* A peace? Is't possible?

*Pis.* Come, doe not shew this wanton incredulity too much.

*Pom.* Beleeue me I was farre from such a thought  
In his high stomack: *Cæs* prophecie then.

What thinke my Lords our Consuls, and friend *Brutus*?

*Omn.* An offer happy:

*Brus.* Were it plaine and hearty.

*Pom.* I, there's the true inspecton to his prospect.

*Brus.* This freight of his perhaps may need a sleight  
Of some hid stratagem, to bring him off.

*Pom.* Deuices of a new fardge to entrap me?  
I rest in *Cæsar's* shades? walke his strow'd paths?  
Sleepe in his quiet waues? Ille sooner trull  
Hibernian Boggs, and quicksands; and hell mouth  
Take for my sanctuary: in bad parts  
That no extreames will better, natures finger  
Hath markt him to me, to take heed of him.  
What thinks my *Brutus*?

*Brus.* Tis your best and safest.

*Pom.* This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare  
To make our warre the bloodier, whose fit feare  
Makes me I dare not now (in thoughts maturer  
Then late enclin'd me) put in vse the Counsaile  
Your noble father *Cato* (parting) gaue me,  
Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood,  
This battaile hazards now, that must cost more.

*i Conf.* It does, and therefore now no more deferre it.

*Pom.* Say all men so?

*Omn.* We doe.

*Pom.* I grieue ye doe,  
Because I rather wish to erre with *Cæs*  
Then with the truth goe of the world besides;  
But since it shall abide this other stroke,  
Ye gods that our great Romane *Genius*  
Haue made, not giue vs one dayes conquest only,  
Nor grow in conquests for some little time,

## The Tragedy of

As did the *Genius* of the *Macedonians* ;  
Nor be by land great only, like *Lacomians* ;  
Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' *Athenians* ;  
Nor slowly sturd vp, like the Persian Angell ;  
Nor rockt asleepe soone, like the Ionian spirit.  
But made our Romane *Genius*, fiery, watchfull,  
And euen from *Romes* prime, ioynd his ycuth with hers,  
Grow as she grew, and firme as earth abide,  
By her encreasing pomp, at sea, and shore,  
In peace, in battaile ; against *Greece* as well  
As our Barbarian foes ; command yet further  
To firme and iust gods, our assistfull Angell  
For *Rome*, and *Pompey*, who now fights for *Rome* ;  
That all these royll Lawes, to vs, and iustice  
Of common safety, may the selfe-loue drowne  
Of tyraunous *Cesar* ; and my care for all  
Your Altars crown'd with endlesse festiuall.

*Exeunt.*

*Cesar, Anthony, a Soothsayer, Crassidius,  
Acilius, with others.*

*Ces.* Say (sacred Southsayer) and informe the truthe,  
What liking hast thou of our sacrifice ?

*Sooth.* Imperiall *Cesar*, at your sacred charge,  
I drew a milke white Oxe into the Temple,  
And turning there his face into the east,  
(Fearefully shaking at the shining light)  
Downe fell his horned forehead to his hoofe,  
When I began to greet him with the stroke,  
That should prepare him for the holy rites,  
With hydeous roares he laid out such a throat  
As made the secret lurkinges of the god  
To answer echo-like, in threatening sounds :  
*I* stroke againe at him, and then he slept,  
His life-blood boylng out at euery wondr  
*In* streames as cleare as any liquid Ruby,  
And there began to alter my presage,

The

## Cæsar and Pompey.

The other ill signes shewing th'other fortune,  
Of your last skirmish, which farre opposite now  
Proues, ill beginnings good events foreshew.  
For now the beast cut vp, and laid on th'Altar,  
His lims were all lickt vp with instant flames,  
Not like the Elementall fire that burnes  
In houhold vses, lameley struggling vp,  
This way and that way winding as it rises,  
But (right and vpright) reacht his proper sphere  
Where burnes the fire eternall and sincere.

*Cæs.* And what may that presage?

*Soothb.* That even the spirit

Of heauens pure flame flew downe and rauisht vp  
Your offerings blaze in that religius instant,  
Which shewes th'alacritie and cheerefull virtue  
Of heauens free bounty, doing good in time,  
And with what swiftnesse true deuotions clime.

*Omne.* The gods be honor'd,

*Soothb.* O behold with wonder,  
The sacred blaze is like a torch enlightned,  
Directly burning iust aboue your campe!

*Omne.* Miraculous.

*Soothb.* Beleue it, with all thanks:  
The Romane *Genius* is alterd now,  
And armes for *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Soothsayer be for ever  
Reuerenc't of *Cæsar*. O *Marc Anthony*,  
I thought to raise my camp, and all my tents,  
Tooke downe for swifte remotion to *Scindia*.  
Shall now our purpose hold?

*Anth.* Against the gods?

They grace in th'instant, and in th'instant we  
Must adde our parts, and be in th'vse as free.

*Crauf.* See Sir, the scouts returne.

*Enter two scouts.*

*Cæs.* What newes, my friends?

*1 Scou.* Arme, arme, my Lord, the voward of the see  
Is rang'd already:

# The Tragedy of

2 Scou. Answer them, and arme :  
You cannot let your rest of battell vp  
In happyer houre ; for I this night beheld  
A strange confusion in your enemies campe,  
The souldiers taking armes in all dismay,  
And hurling them againe as fast to earth.  
Every way routing ; as th'alarme were then  
Guen to their army. A most causless feare  
Disperst quite through them.

Ces. Then twas Ione himselfe  
That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.

Crass. Other presages of successse (my Lord)  
Haue strangely hapn'd in th'adjacent Cities,  
To this your army : for in *Tralleis*,  
Within a Temple, builte to Victory,  
There stands a statue of your forme and name,  
Neare whose firme base, euen from the marble paument,  
There sprang a Palme tree vp, in this last night,  
That seemes to crowne your statue with his boughs,  
Spred in wrapt shadowes round about your browes.

Ces. The signe, *Crassissimus*, is most strange and gracefull,  
Nor could get issue, but by power diuine ;  
Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides  
(Of neuer such kinde promise of successse)  
Performe it without tough acts of our owne.  
No care, no nerue the leesse to be emploid ;  
No offering to the gods, no vowes, no prayers :  
Secure and idle spirits neuer thrive  
When most the gods for their aduancements frowne.  
And therefore tell me what abodes shou buildst on  
In an spirit to act, enflam'd in thee,  
Or in our Souldiers seene resolu'd addresses ?

Crass. Great and firy virtue. And this day  
Be sure (great *Cesar*) of effects as great  
In absolute conquest ; to which are prepar'd  
Enforcerents resolute, from this arm'd hand,  
Which thou shalt praise me for aliue or dead.

Ces.

## Cæsar and Pompey.

*Cæs.* Alive (ye gods vouchsafe) and ray true vowes  
For lie in him (great heauen) for all my foes  
(Being naturall Romans) so farre ioyntly heare  
As may not hurt our Conquest; as with feare  
Which thou already strangely hast diffus'd  
Through all their army; which extend to flight  
Without one bloody stroke of force and fight.

*Anth.* Tis time, my Lord, you put in forme your battell.

*Cæs.* Since we must fight then, and no offerd peace  
Will take with Pompey: I reioyce to see  
This long-time lookt for, and most happy day,  
In which we now shall fight, with mee, not hunger,  
With toyles, not sweats of blood through yeares extended,  
This one day seruing to decide all iarres  
Twixt me and Pompey. Hang out of my tent  
My Crimline coat of armes, to giue my souldiers  
That euer-sure signe of resolu'd-for fight.

*Craff.* These hands shall giue that signe to all their longings.

*Exit Craff.*

*Cæs.* My Lord, my army, I thinke best to order  
In three full Squadrons : of which let me pray  
Your selfe would take on you the left wings charge;  
My selfe will lead the right wing, and my place  
Of fight elect in my tenth legion:  
My battell by *Demitius Calvinus*  
Shall take direction.

*The Cote of Armes is hung out, and the Souldiers  
souute within.*

*An.* Heark, your souldiers shoute  
For ioy to see your bloody Cote of Armes  
Allure their fight this morning.

*Cæs.* A blest Eu'en  
Bring on them worthy comforts. And ye gods  
Performe your good presages in euents  
Of fit crowne for our discipline, and deeds  
Wrought vp by conquest; that my vse of it

# The Tragedy of

May wipe the hatefull and vnworthy flaine  
Of Tyrant from my Temples, and exchange it  
For fautor of my Country, ye haue gauen  
That title to those poore and fearefull fowles  
That every sound puts vp, in frights and cryes ;  
Euen then, when all *Rome*'s powers were weake and heartles,  
When traiterous fires, and fierce Baebarian swolds,  
Rapines, and soule-expiring slauishers fild  
Her houses, Temples, all her ayre, and earth.  
To me then (whom your bounties haue enform'd  
With such a spirit as despiseth feare ;  
Commands in either fortune, knowes, and armes  
Against the world of fate ; and therefore can  
Dilpole blest meanes, encourag'd to the best)  
Much more vouchsafe that honor ; chiefly now,  
When *Rome* wants only this dayes conquest giuen me  
To make her happy, to confirme the brightnesse  
That yet she shines in ouer all the world ;  
In Empire, riches, strife of all the Arts,  
In gifts of Cities, and of kingdomes sent her ;  
In Crownes laid at her feet, in euery grace  
That shores, and seas, floods, Islands, Continents,  
Groues, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce ;  
All which *I* (victor) will encrease, *I* vow  
By all my good, acknowledg'd given by you.

## Act I III Scene I.

*Pompey in baste, Brutus, Gabinus, Vibius following.*

**T**He poysone steep't in every vaine of Empire,  
*In all the world, meet now in onely me,*  
Thunder and lighten me to death ; and make  
My senses feed the flame, my soule the crack.

Was

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Was ever soueraigne Captaine of so many  
Armies and Nations, to opprest as I,  
With one hosts headitrong outrage ? vrging fight,  
Yet fly about my campe in panick terrors ;  
No reason vnder heauen suggesting cause.  
And what is this but euен the gods deterring?  
My iudgement from enforcing fight this morne ?  
The new-fled night made day with Meteors,  
Fir'd ouer Cæsars campe, and falne in mine,  
As pointing out the terrible events  
Yet in suspence ; but where they threat their fall  
Speake not these prodigies with fiery tongues,  
And eloquence that should not moue but rauish  
All sound mindes, from thus tempting the iust gods,  
And spitting out their faire premonishing flames  
With brackish rheumes of ruderand brainsick number,  
What's infinitely more, thus wild, thus mad  
For one poore fortune of a beaten few ;  
To halfe so many staid, and dreadfull scouldiers ?  
Long train'd, long foughтен ? able, nimble, perfect  
To turne and windre aduantage every way ?  
Encrease with little, and enforce with none ?  
Maze bold as Lyons, gaunt as famisht wolues,  
With thil feru'd slaughters, and continuall toyles.  
*Brun.* You shoule nor, Sir, forsake your owne wise Counsell,  
Your owne experient discipline, owne practise,  
Owne god inspired insight to all changes,  
Of Protean fortune, and her many, warre,  
For hells, and hel's of such ; What man will thinke  
The best of them, not mad; to see them range  
So vp and doyng your campe, already suing  
For offices falne, by Cæsars built on fall,  
Before one stroke be strucke ? *Domitius, Spinther,*  
Your father *Scipio* new preparing friends  
For Cæsars place of vniuersall Bishop ?  
Are you th' obserued rule, and voucht example,  
Who euer would commend Physitians,

That

# The Tragedy of

That would not follow the diseas'd desires  
Of their sick patients ; yet incurre your selfe  
The faults that you so much abhorre in others.

Pom. I cannot, Sir, abide mens open mouthes,  
Nor be ill spoken of ; nor haue my counsels  
And circumspections, turnd on me for feares,  
With mocks and scandals that would make a man  
Of lead, a lightning ; in the desperat' st onset  
That ever trampled vnder death, his life.  
I bear the touch of feare for all their sateties,  
Or for mine owne ? enlarge with twice as many  
Selfe-lives, selfe-fortunes ? they shall sinke beneath  
Their owne credulities, before I crosse them.  
Come, hast, dispose our battaile.

Vib. Good my Lord,  
Against your *Gemina* warre not for the world.

Pom. By all worlds he that moues me next to beare  
Their scots and imputations of my feare  
For any cause, shall beare this sword to hell.  
Away, to battaile ; good my Lord lead you  
The whole six thousand of our yong Patricians,  
Plac't in the left wing to enuiron *Cesar*.  
My father *Scipio* shall lead the battaile ;  
*Domitius* the left wing ; I the right  
Against *Marc Anthony*. Take now your fils  
Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarums, excursions, of al : The fine Kings drinen ouer  
the Stage, Crassinius chiefly pursuing : At the  
dore enter againe the fine Kings. The  
battall continued within.*

Epir. Fly, fly, the day was lost before twas fought.  
Theff, The Romans feard their shadowes.

Cis. Were there euer  
Such monstrous confidences, as last night  
Their Cups and musique shew'd ? Before the morning

*Made*

# Cæsar and Pompey.

Made such amazes ere one stroke was struck?

Iber. It made great Pompey mad, which who could mend?  
The gods had hand in it.

Tra. It made the Consuls

Run on their swords to see't. The braue Patricians  
Fled with their spoyled faces, arrowes sticking  
As shot from heauen at them.

Iber. Twas the charge  
That Cæsar gaue against them.

Epir. Come, away,  
Leue all, and wonder at this fatall day.      Exeunt.

The fightneerer ; and enter, Crassus, a sword, as thrafft  
through his face ; he falleth. To him Pompey and Ca-  
esar fighting : Pompey giveth way, Caesar follows,  
and enters at another dore.

Cæs. Pursue, pursue ; the gods foreshew'd their powers,  
Which we gaue issue, and the day is ours.

Crassus? O looke vp : he doth, and shewes  
Death in his broken eyes ; which Cæsars hands  
Shall doe the honor of eternall closture.  
Too well thou kept'st thy word, that thou this day  
Wouldst doe me seruice to our victory,  
Which in thy life or death I should behold,  
And praise thee for ; I do, and must admire  
Thy matchles valour, euer euer rest  
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tombe  
Erected to thy noble name and virtues,  
Ile curiosly preserue with balmes, and splices,  
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,  
Inscrib'd with this true soule of funerall,

## Epitaph:

Crassus fought for fame, and died for Rome,  
Who's publique weale springs from this private tombe.

# The Tragedy of

*Enter sometaking him off, whom Cesar helps.*

*Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black robes in their  
hands, broad hats, &c.*

*Pom.* Thus haue the gods their iustice, men their wils,  
And I, by mens wils rulde ; my selfe renouncing,  
Am by my Angell and the gods abhor'd,  
Who drew me, like a vapour, vp to heauen  
To dash me like a tempest 'gainst the earth :  
O the deserued terrors that attend  
On humane confidence ! had euer men  
Such outrage of presumption to be victors  
Before they arm'd ? To send to *Rome* before  
For houses neare the market place, their tents  
Strowd all with flowers, and nolegayes ; tables couer'd  
With cups and banquets; bayes and mirtle garlands,  
*As ready to doe sacrifice for conquest*  
Rather then arme them for fit fighte 'enfore it ;  
Which when I saw, I knew as well th'event  
As now I feele it, and because I rag'd  
In that presage, my *Genies* shewing me clearly  
(As in a mirror) all this cursed issue ;  
And therefore vrg'd all meanes to put it off  
For this day, or from these fields to some other,  
Or from this om-nous confidence, till I saw  
Their spirits settl'd in some grauer knowledge  
Of what belong'd to such a dcare decision ;  
They spotted me with feare, with loue of glory,  
To keepe in my command so many Kings,  
So great an army ; all the hellish blastings  
That could be breath'd on me, to strike me blinde  
Of honor, spirit and soule : And should I then  
Sauē them that would in spight of heauen be ruind?  
And, in their safeties ruine me and mine  
In everlasting rage of their detraction.

*Dem.* Your safety and owne honor did deserue

Respect

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Respect past all their values, O my Lord.

Would you ?

Pom. Vpbraid me not, goe to, goe on.

Dem. No ; Ile not rub the wound. The misery is,  
The gods for any error in a man  
(Which they might rectify, and should; because  
That man maintai'nd the right) Should suffer wrong  
To be thus insolent, thus grac't, thus blest ?

Pom. O the strange carriage of their acts, by which  
Men order theirs, and their deuotions in them ;  
Much rather stryving to entangle men  
In pathlesse error, then with regular right  
Conferme their reasones, and their pieties light.  
For now Sir, whatsoeuer was foreshowne  
By heauen, or prodigy ; ten parts more for vs,  
Forewarning vs, deterring vs, and all  
Our blinde and brainlesse frenzies, then for Cæsar ;  
All yet will be ascribde to his regard  
Giuen by the gods for his good parts, preferring  
Their glosse (being stark impostures) to the iustice,  
Loue, honor, piety, of our lawes and Countrey.  
Though I thinke these are arguments enow  
For my acquitall, that for all these fought.

Dem. Y'are cleare, my Lord.

Pom. Gods helpe me, as I am ;  
What euer my vntoucht command of millions  
Through all my eight and fifty yeares, hath woonne,  
This one day (in the worlds esteeme) hath lost.  
So vile is prale and dispraise by euent.  
For I am still my selfe in every worth  
The world could grace me with, had this dayes Euen  
In one blaze ioyn'd, with all my other Conquests.  
And shall my comforts in my well-knownne selfe  
Faile me for their false fires, Demetrius ?

Dem. O no, my Lord.

Pom. Take griele for them, as if  
The rotten-hearted world could sleepe my soule

# The Tragedy of

In filthy putrifaction of their owne ?  
Since their applauses falle me ? that are hisses  
To euery sound acceptance ? I confesse,  
That till th'affaire was past, my passions flam'd,  
But now tis helplesse, and no cause in me,  
Rest in these embers my vnmooued soule,  
With any outward change, this dystick minding ;  
No man should more allow his owne losse, woes,  
(Being past his fault) then any stranger does.  
And for the worlds false loues, and ayry honors,  
What soule that euer lou'd them most in life,  
(Once seuer'd from this breathing sepulchre)  
Againe came and apparde in any kind  
Their kinde admirer still, or did the state  
Of any best man here, associate ?  
And every true soule should be here so seuer'd  
From loue of such men, as here drowne their soules  
As all the world does ? *Cato* sole accepted,  
To whom he fly now, and my wife in way  
(Poore Lady, and poore children, worse then fatherlesse)  
Visit, and comfort. Come *Demetrios*. *They disguise themselves.*  
We now must lise our habites to our fortunes, *themselves.*  
And since these changes euer chance to greatest,  
Nor desire to be  
(Doe fortune, to exceed it, what she can)  
A *Pompey*, or a *Cesar*, but a man. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cesar, Anthony, Atilius, with soldiers.*

*Cef.* O 'We haue slaine, not conquerd, Roman blood  
Peruertis th'euer, and desperate blood let out  
With their ownewords. Did euer men before  
Enuy their owne liues, since another hu'd  
Whom they would willfully conceiue their soe,  
And forge a Tyrant merely in their seares  
To iustifie their slaughters ? Consuls ? furies.

*Ant.* Be, Sir, their faults their gricles ! The greater number  
Were

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Were only slaves, that left their bloods to ruth,  
And altogether, but six thousand slaine.

*Cæs.* How euer many ; gods and men can witnesse  
Themselves enforc't it, much against the most  
I could enforce on *Pompey* for our peace.  
Of all slaine, yet, if *Brutus* only liu'd,  
I should be comforted, for his life sau'd  
Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.  
But much I feare his death, because the battell  
Full stricken now, he yet abides vnsound.  
*Aet.* I saw him fighting neare the battels end,  
But suddainly giue off, as beset to fly.

*Enter Brutus.*

*Ant.* He comes here, see Sir.  
*Bru.* I submit to *Cæsar*  
My life and fortunes.

*Cæs.* A more welcome fortune  
Is *Brutus*, then my conquest.  
*Bru.* Sir, I fought  
Against your conquest, and your selfe ; and merit  
(I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome.

*Cæs.* You fought with me, Sir, for I know your armes  
Were taken for your Country, not for *Pompey*:  
And for my Country I fought, nothing lesse  
Then he, or both the mighty-stomak't Consuls ;  
Both whom (I heare) haue slaine themselues before  
They would enjoy life in the good of *Cæsar*.  
But I am nothing worse, how ill soever  
They, and the great authority of *Rome*  
Wold faine enforce me by their mere suspitions.  
Lou'd they their Country better then her *Brutus*?  
Or knew what fitter nobleise, and a Romane  
With freer soules then *Brutus*. Those that live  
Shall see in *Cæsars* justice, and what euer  
Might make me worthy both their loues and loues,

# The Tragedy of

That I haue lost the one without my merit,  
And they the other with no Roman spirit.

Are you empair'd to liue, and ioy my loue?

Only requite me, *Brutus*, loue but *Cesar*,

And be in all the powers of *Cesar*, *Cesar*.

In which free wish, I ioyn your father *Cato*;

Fcr whom Ile haste to *Vicks*, and pray

His loue may strengthen my successe to day.

*Exeunt.*

*Porcius* is haste, *Marcillius* bare, following. *Porcius*  
discouers a bed, and a sword hanging by it,  
which he takes downe.

*Mar.* To what vse take you that (my Lord?)

*Por.* Take you

No note that I take it, nor let any seruant,  
Besides your selfe, of all my fathers nearest,  
Seeue any mood he serues, with any knowledge  
Of this or any other. *Cesar* comes

And giues his army wings to reach this towne:  
Not for the townes sake, but to saue my father.

Whom iustly he suspects to be resolu'd

Of any violence to his life, before

He will preserue it by a Tyrants fauour.

For *Pompey* hath miscaried, and is fled.

Be true to me, and to my fathers life;

And doe not tell him; nor his fury serue

With any other.

*Mar.* I will dye, my Lord,

Ere I obserue it.

*Por.* O my Lord and father.

*Cato*, *Athenodorus*, *Statilius*.

*Cato* with a booke in his hand.

*Cat.* What feares fly here on all sides? what wilde-lookes  
Are squinted at me from mens mere suspicions

That

## Cæsar and Pompey.

That I am wilde my selfe, and would enforce  
What will be taken from me by the Tyrant.

*Ayb.* No : Would you only aske life, he would thinke  
His owne life giuen more strength in giuing yours

*Cat.* I aske my life of him ?

*Stat.* Aske what's his owne ?  
Of him he scornes should haue the leaſt drop in it  
At his diſposure.

*Cat.* No, *Statilius*,

Men that haue forfeit liues by breaking lawes,  
Or haue beeene overcome, may beg their liues,  
But I haue euer beeene in euery iuftice  
Better then *Cæſar*, and was neuer conquer'd,  
Or made to fly for life, as *Cæſar* was.  
But haue beeene victor euer, to my wiſh,  
'Gainſt whomſoeuer euer hath oppoſed,  
*Where Cæſar* now is conquer'd in his Conqueſt,  
In the ambition, he till now denide ;  
Taking vpon him to give life, when death  
Is tenfold due to his moſt tyrannous ſelfe,  
No right, no power giuen him to raife an army,  
Which in deſpight of *Rome* he leades about  
Slaughtering her loyall ſubiects, like an outlaw,  
Nor is he better. Tongue, ſhew, falſhood are,  
To bloodieſt deaths his parts ſo much admir'd,  
Vaine glory, villany ; and at beſt you can,  
Fed with the parings of a worthy man.  
My fame affirme my life receiu'd from him ?  
Ile rather make a beaſt my ſecond father.

*Stat.* The gods auert from euery Roman minde  
The name of flane to any Tyrants power.  
Why was man euer iuft, but to be free,  
'Gainſt all iniuſtice ? and to beare about him  
As well all meanes to freedome every houre,  
As every houre he ſhould be arm'd for deaſt,  
Which only is his freedome ?

*Ayb.* But *Statilius*

## The Tragedy of

Death is not free for any mans election;  
Till nature, or the law, impose it on him.

*Cat.* Must a man goe to law then, when he may  
Enjoy his owne in peace? If I can vie  
Mine owne my selfe, must I of force, reserue it  
To serue a Tyrant with it? All iust men  
Not only may enlarge their liues, but must,  
From all rule tyrannous, or liue vniust.

*Ath.* By death must they enlarge their liues?

*Cat.* By death.

*Ath.* A man's not bound to that.

*Cat.* He proue he is.

Are not the liues of all men bound to iustice?

*Ath.* They are.

*Cat.* And therefore not to serue iniustice:  
Justice it selfe ought euer to be free,  
And therefore every iust man being a part  
Of that free justice, should be free at it.

*Ath.* Then wherefore is there law for death?

*Cat.* That all

That know not what law is, nor freely can  
Performe the fitting iustice of a man  
In kingdome's common good, may be enforc't.  
But is not euer yust man to him selfe  
The perfect law?

*Ath.* Suppose.

*Cat.* Then to himselfe  
Is every iust mans life subordinate.  
Againe, Sir; Is not our free soule insu'd  
To every body in her absolute end  
To rule that body? in which absolute rule  
Is she not absolutely Empresse of it?  
And being Empresse, may she not dispose  
It, and the life in it, at her iust pleasure?

*Ath.* Not to destroy it.

*Cat.* No; she not destroys it  
When she disliues it; that their freedomes may

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Goe firme together, like their powers and organs,  
Rather then let it liue a rebell to her,  
Prophaning that diuine coniunction  
Twixt her and it ; nay, a disiunction making  
Betwixt them worse then death ; in killing quick  
That which in iust death liues : being dead to her  
If to her rule dead; and to her aliue,  
If dying in her iust rule.

*Ath.* The body liues not  
When death hath left it.

*Cat.* Yet tis free, and kept  
Fit for reiunction in mans second life ;  
Which dying rebell to the soule, is farre  
Vnsit to ioyne with her in perfect life.

*Ath.* It shall not ioyne with her againe.

*Cat.* It shall.

*Ath.* In reason shall it ?

*Cat.* In apparant reason,  
Which Ile proue cleftely.

*Stat.* Hearre, and iudge it Sir.

*Cat.* As nature works in all things to an end,  
So in th'appricite honor of that end,  
All things precedent haue their naturall frame ;  
And therefore is there a proportion  
Betwixt the ends of thole things and their primes :  
For else there could not be in their creation,  
Alwayes, or for the most part, that firme forme  
In their still like existence ; that we see  
In each full creature. What proportion then.  
Hath an immortall with a mortall substance ?  
And therefore the mortality to which  
A man is subiect; rather is a sleepe,  
Then bestiall death ; since sleepe and death are call'd  
The twins of nature. For if absolute death  
And bestiall sease the body of a man,  
Then is there no proportion in his parts,  
His soule being free from death, which otherwise

## The Tragedy of

Retaines diuine proportion. For as sleepe  
No disproportion holds with humane soules,  
But aptly quickens the proportion  
Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter  
To giue vp formes to soules, which is their end :  
So death(twin-borne of sleepe) resoluing all  
Māns bodies heauy parts ; in lighter nature  
Makes a reunion with the spritely soule ;  
When in a second life their beings giuen,  
Holds their proportion firme, in highest heauen.

*Atb.* Hold you our bodies shall reuiue, resuming  
Our soules againe to heauen ?

*Cat.* Past doubt, though others  
Thinke heauen a world too high for our low reaches,  
Not knowing the sacred fence of him that sings,  
*Iose* can let downe a golden chaine from heauen,  
Which eyd to earth, shall fetch vp earth and seas ;  
And what's that golden chaine, but our pure soules,  
A golden beame of him, let downe by him,  
That gouern'd with his grace, and drawne by him,  
Can hoist this earthly body vp to him,  
The sea, and ayre, and all the elements  
Comprest in it: nor while tis thus concrete,  
But fin'd by death, and then giuen heauenly heat.

*Atb.* Your happy exposition of that place  
(Whose sacred depth I never heard so sounded)  
Euicts glad grant from me you hold a truth.

*Stat.* Is't not a manly truth, and mere diuine ?

*Cat.* Tis a good chearefull doctrine for good men.  
But (sonne and seruants) this is only argu'd  
To spend our deare time well, and nofse vrgeth  
To any violence further then his owner  
And grauer men hold fit. Lets talke of *Cesar*,  
He's the great subiect of all talke, and he  
Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready ?

*Mar.* It is, my Lord.

*Cat.* Why then let's in and eat;

# Cæsar and Pompey.

Our coole submission will quench Cæsar's heat.

*Sta.* Submission & here's for him.

*Cat. Statilus,*

My reason must not strengthen you in error,  
Nor learn'd Athenodorus gentle yeelding.  
Talke with some other deepe Philosophers,  
Or some diuine Priest of the knowing gods,  
And heare their reasons; in meane time come sup. *Exeunt.*

*Cato going out arme in arme  
betwixt Athen, and Statilus.*

## Act V. Scene I.

*Enter Uffers, with the two Lentuli, and Septimius before Cornelia; Cyrus, Teleilla, Lalia, Drusus, with others, following, Cornelia, Septimius and the two Lentuli reading letters.*

*Cor.* So may my comforts for this good newes thriue  
*As I am thankfull for them to the Gods.*

Joyes vnapected, and in desperate plight,  
Are still most sweet, and proue from whence they come;  
When earths still Moonelike confidence, in ioy,  
Is at her full. True ioy descending farre  
From past her sphere, and from that highest heauen  
That moues and is not mou'd: how farre was I  
From hope of these events, when fearefull dreames  
Of Harpies tearing out my heart & of armies  
Terribly ioyning; Cities, kingdomes falling,  
And all on me & prou'd sleepe, not twin to death,  
But to me, death it selfe & yet making then,  
These letters, full of as much chearefull life,  
I found cloede in my hand. O gods how justly  
Ye laugh at all things earthly? at all fearey

## The Tragedy of

That rise not from your judgements & at all ioyes,  
Not drawne directly from your selues, and in ye,  
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him ruine.

Why write great learned men & men merely rapt  
With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe &  
Vndanted spirits & inexorable fate  
And all feare treading on & tis all but ayse,  
If any comfort be, tis in despaire.

1 Len. You learned Ladies may hold any thing.

2 Lent. Now madam is your walk from coach come neare  
The promontory, where you late commanded  
A Sentinel should stand to see from thence  
If either with a nauy, brought by sea,  
Or traime by land; great Pompey comes to greet you  
As in your letters, he neare this time promisde.

Cors. O may this Isle of Lesbos, compasst in  
With the *Aegean* sea, that doth diuide  
*Europe* from *Asia*. (The sweet literate world  
From the Barbarian) from my barbarous dreames  
Diuide my dearest husband and his fortunes.

2 Len. He's busied now with ordering offices.  
By this time, madam, sits your honor'd father     *He looks in*  
In *Cæsar's* chaire of vniuersall Bishop.     *his letter.*  
*Domitius Enobarbus*, is made Consull,  
Spynther his Consort; and *Phaonius*  
Tribune, or Pretor.

*Sepimius with a letter.*

Sep. These were only sought  
Before the battaile, not obtaind; nor moving  
My father but in shadowes.

Cors. Why should men  
Tempt fate with such firme confidence? seeking places  
Before the power that should dispose could grant them?  
For then the stroke of battaile was not struck.

1 Len. Nay, that was sure enough. *Physitians* know  
When

## Cæsar and Pompey.

When sick mens eyes are broken, they must dye.  
Your letters telling you his victory  
Lost in the skirmish, which I know hath broken  
Both the eyes and heart of Cæsar : for as men  
Healthfull through all their lives to grey hayr'd age,  
When sicknesse takes them once, they seldom scape:  
So Cæsar victor in his generall fights  
Till this late skirmish, could no aduerse blow  
Sustaine without his vtter ouerthrow.

2 Len. See, madam, now, your Sentinell : enquire.

Cor. Seest thou no fleet yet (Sentinell) nor traine  
That may be thought great Pompeys ?

Sen. Not yet, madame.

1 Len. Seest thou no travellers addrest this way ?  
In any number on this Lesbian shore ?

Sen. I see some not worth note ; a couple comming  
This way, on foot, that are not now farre hence.

2 Len. Come they apace ? like messengers with newes ?

Sen. No, nothing like (my Lord) nor are their habites  
Of any such mens fashions ; being long mantles,  
And fable hew'd ; their heads all hid in hats  
Of parching Thessaly, broad brimm'd, high crown'd.

Cor. These serue not our hopes.

Sen. Now I see a ship,  
A kenning hence, that strikes into the haven.

Cor. One onely ship ?

Sen. One only, madam, yet.

Cor. That should not be my Lord.

1 Len. Your Lord ? no madam.

Sen. She now lets out arm'd men vpon the land.

2 Len. Arm'd men ! with drum, and colours ?

Sen. No, my Lord,

But bright in armes, yet beare halfe pikes, or beadhookes.

2 Len. These can be no plumes in the traine of Pompey.

Cor. Ille see him in his letter, once againe.

Sen. Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot,

# The Tragedy of

Enter Pompey and Demetrious.

*Dem.* See your Princesse, Sir, come thus farre from the City in her coach, to encounter your promist comming About this time in your last letters.

*Pom.* The world is alterd since *Demetrious*, (offer to goe by.

*I Lent.* See, madam, two Thessalian Augurs it seemes By their habits. Call, and enquire if either by their Skils or trauels, they know no newes of your husband.

*Cor.* My friends? a word.

*Dem.* With vs, madam?

*Cor.* Yes. Are you of *Theffaly*?

*Dem.* I, madam, and all the world besides.

*Cor.* Your Country is great.

*Dem.* And our portions little.

*Cor.* Are you Augures?

*Dem.* Augures, madam? yes a kinde of Augures, alias Wizards, that goe vp and downe the world, teaching How to turne ill to good.

*Cor.* Can you doe that?

*Dem.* I, madam, you haue no worke for vs, haue you? No ill to turne good, I meane?

*Cor.* Yes, the absence of my husband.

*Dem.* What's he?

*Cor.* Pompey the great.

*Dem.* Wherein is he great?

*Cor.* In his command of the world.

*Dem.* Then he's great in others. Take him without his Addition (great) what is he then?

*Cor.* Pompey.

*Dem.* Not your husband then?

*Cor.* Nothing the lesse for his greatnessse.

*Dem.* Not in his right; but in your comforts he is.

*Cor.* His right is my comfort.

*Dem.* What's his wrong?

*Cor.* My sorrow.

*Dem:*

## Cæsar and Pompey.

*Dem.* And that's ill.

*Cor.* Yes.

*Dem.* Y'are come to the vse of our Profession, madam,  
Would you haue that ill turnd good ? that  
Sorrow turnd comfort ?

*Cor.* Why is my Lord wrong'd ?

*Dem.* We professe not that knowledge, madam:  
Suppose he were.

*Cor.* Not I.

*Dem.* Youle suppose him good.

*Cor.* He is so.

*Dem.* Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd ; for  
All goodnessse is wrong'd in this world.

*Cor.* What call you wrong ?

*Dem.* Ill fortune, affliction.

*Cor.* Thinke you my Lord afflicted ?

*Dem.* If I thinke him good (madam) I must. Vnlesse he  
Be worldly good, and then, either he is ill, or has ill :  
Since, as no sugar is without poyson : so is no worldly  
Good without ill. Euen naturally nourisht in it, like a  
Houſhold thiefe, which is the worſt of all theeues.

*Cor.* Then he is not worldly, but truly good.

*Dem.* He's too great to be truly good; for worldly greatness  
Is the chiefe worldly goodnessse; and all worldly goodnessse  
(I prou'd before) has ill in it: which true good has not.

*Cor.* If he rule well with his greatnessse ; wherein is he ill ?

*Dem.* But great Rulers are like Carpenters, that weare their  
Rules at their backs ſtill : and therefore to make good your  
True good in him, y'ad better ſuppoſe him little or meane,  
For in the meane only is the true good.

*Pom.* But every great Lady muſt haue her husband  
Great ſtill, or her loue will be little.

*Cor.* I am none of thoſe great Ladys.

*Lent.* She's a Philoſophreſſe Augure, and can turne  
Ill to good as well as you.

*Pom.* I would then, not honor, but adore her: could you  
Submit your ſelfe chearefully to your husband,

Suppoſing

# The Tragedy of

Supposing him faine ?

*Cor.* It he submit himselfe chearfully to his fortune.

*Pom.* Tis the greatest greatnes in the world you vndertake.

*Cor.* I would be so great, if he were.

*Pom.* In supposition.

*Cor.* In tact.

(greatnesse ;

*Pom.* Be no woman, but a Goddesse then; & make good thy  
I am chearfully faine ; be chearfull.

*Cor.* I am : and welcome, as the world were closde  
In these embraces. \*

*Pom.* Is it possible ?

A woman, losing greatnessse, still as good,  
As at her greatell ? O gods, was I euer  
Great till this minute ?

*Amb. Len.* Pompey ?

*Pom.* View me better.

*Amb. Len.* Conquerd by Cesar ?

*Pom.* Not I, but mine army.

No fault in me, in it : no conquest of me;  
I tread this low earth as I trod on Cesar.  
Must I not hold my selfe, though lose the world ?  
Nor lose I lesse, a world lost at one clap,  
Tis more then *Ione* euer thundred with.  
What glory is it to haue my hand hurle  
*Sovall* a volley through the groning ayre ?  
And is't not great, to turne grices thus to ioyes,  
That biate the hearts of others ?

*Amb. Len.* O tis *Ione*-like.

*Pom.* It is to imitate *Ione*, that from the wounds  
Offsoftest clouds, beats vp the terriblest sounds.  
I now am good, for good men still haue least,  
That twixt themselues and God might rise their rest.

*Cor.* O Pompey, Pompey : neuer Great till now.

*Pom.* O my Cornelius : let vs still be good,  
And we shall still be great : and greater farre  
In euery solid grace, then when the tumor  
And bile of rotten obseruation sweld vs.

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Griefes for wants outward, are without our cure,  
Greatnesse, not of it selfe, is never sure.  
Before, we went vpon heauen, rather treading  
The virtues of it vnderfoot, in making  
The vicious world our heauen ; then walking there  
Euen here, as knowing that our home ; concerning  
All forg'd heauens here raisde ; setting hill's on hills.  
*Pulcas* from heauen fell, yet on's feet did light,  
And stood no leesse a god then at his height,  
At lowest, things lye fast : we now are like  
The two Poles propping heauen, on which heauen moues;  
And they are fixt, and quiet, being abone  
All motion farre ; we rest aboue the heauens.

*Cor.* O, I more ioy, t'embrace my Lord thus fixt,  
Then he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.

*I Len.* Miraculous standing in a fall so great,  
Would *Cæsar* knew, Sir, how you conquerd him  
In your conuiction.

*Pom.* Tis enough for me  
That *Pompey* knows it. I will stand no more  
On others legs : nor build one ioy without me.  
*If euer I be worth a house againe,*  
*Ile build all inward :* not a light shall ope  
The common outway : no expence, no art,  
No ornament, no dore will I vse there,  
But raise all plaine, and rudely, like a rampier,  
Against the false society of men  
That still batters  
All reason peccemeale. And for earthy greatnessse  
All heavenly comforts rarifies to ayre,  
*Ile therefore liue in darke, and all my light,*  
Like ancient Temples, let in at my top.  
This were to turne ones back to all the world,  
And only looke at heauen. *Empedocles*  
Recur'd a mortall plague through all his Country,  
With stopping vp the yawning of a hill,  
From whence the hollow and vnwholsome South

## The Tragedy of

Exhald his venomd vapor. And what else  
Is any King, giuen ouer to his lusts,  
But euен the poyson'd cleft of that crackt mountaine,  
That all his kingdome plagues with his example?  
Which I haue stopt now, and so cur'd my Country  
Of such a sensuall pestilence:  
When therefore our diseasde affections  
Harmefull to humane freedome; and stormelike  
Inferring darkneise to th'infected minde  
Oppresse our comforts: tis but letting in  
The light of reason, and a purer spirit,  
Take in another way; like roomes that fight  
With windowes gainst the winde, yet let in light.

*Amb. Len.* My Lord, we seru'd before, but now adore you.

*Sen.* My Lord, the arm'd men I discou'red lately  
Vnshipt, and landed; now are trooping neare,

*Pom.* What arm'd men are they?

*Len.* Some, my Lord, that lately  
The Sentinel discou'er'd, but not knew.

*Sen.* Now all the sea (my Lords) is hid with ships,  
Another Promontory flanking this,  
Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,  
That easily may see hither; it seemes looking  
What these so neare intend: Take heed, they come.

*Enter Achillas, Septius, Salmus, with soldiers,*

*Ach.* Haile to Romes great Commander; to whom Egypt  
(Not long since feated in his kingdome by thee,  
And sent to by thee in thy paassage by)  
Sends vs with answer: which withdraw and heare.

*Pom.* Ile kille my children first.

*Sep.* Bleile me, my Lord.

*Pom.* I will, and *Cyrus*, my poore daughter too.  
Euen that high hand that hurl'd me downe thus low,  
Kepe you from rising high: I heare: now tell me.  
I thinke (my friend) you once seru'd vnder me;

*Septius only nods with his head.*

*Pom.*

## Cæsar and Pompey.

Pom. Nôd onely ? not a word daigne ? what are these ?  
Cornelia ? I am now not worth mens words.

Ach. Please you receive your ayde, Sir ?

Pom. I, I come. *Exit Pom. The draw and follow.*

Cor. Why draw they ? See, my Lords ; attend them vñthers.

Sen. O they haue slaine great Pompey.

Cor. O my husband.

Sept. Cyr. Mother, take comfort. *Enter Pompey bleeding.*  
O my Lord and father.

Pom. See heauens your sufferings, is my Countres loue  
The iustice of an Empire ; pietie ;  
Worth this end in their leader : last yet lise,  
And bring the gods off fairer : after this  
Who will adore, or serue the deities ?

*He bides his face with his robe.*

*Enter the Murtherers.*

Ach. Helpe hale him off : and take his head for Cesar.  
Sep. Mother ? O faue vs, Pompey ? O my father.

*Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding,  
and kneele about Cornelia.*

I Len. Yet fals not heauen ? Madam, O make good  
Your late great spirits ; all the world will say,  
You know not how to beare aduerse euent,  
If now you languish.

Omn. Take her to her coach. *They beare her out.*

*Cato with a booke in his hand.*

O Beasly apprehenders of things manly,  
And merely heauenly : they with all the reasons  
I vsde for iust, mens liberties, to beare  
Their liues and deaths vp in their owne free hands ;  
Feare still my resolution though I seeme

## *The Tragedy of*

To giue it off like them : and now am woonne  
To think me life in lawes rule, not mine owne,  
When once it comes to death ; as if the law  
Made for a sort of outlawes, must bound me  
In their subiection ; as if I could  
Be rackett out of my vaines, to liue in others ;  
As so I must, if others rule my life ;  
And publique power keepe all the right of death,  
As if men needes must serue the place of iustice ;  
The forme, and idoll, and renounce it selfe ?  
Our selues, and all our rights in God and goodnesse ?  
Our whole contents and freedomes to dispose,  
All in the iayes and wayes of arrant rogues ?  
No stay but their wilde errors, to sustaine vs ?  
No forges but their throates to vent our breaths ?  
To forme our liues in, and repose our deaths ?  
See, they haue got my sword. Who's there ?

*Enter Marcillius bare.*

*Mar.* My Lord :

*Cat.* Who tooke my sword hence? Dumb? I doe not aske  
For any vse or care of it: but hope  
I may be answere. Goe Sir, let me haue it.     *Exit Mar.*  
Poure slaues, how terrible this death is to them ?  
If men would sleepe, they would be wroth with all  
That interrupt them. Phylick take to take  
The golden rest it brings : both pay and pray  
For good, and soundest naps : all friends consenting  
In those kinde inuocations ; praying all  
Good rest, the gods vouchsafe you ; but when death  
(Sleepes naturall brother) comes ; (that's nothing worse,  
But better ; being more rich ; and keepes the store ;  
Sleepe euer fickle, wayward still, and poore)  
O how men grudge, and shake, and feare, and fly  
His sterne approaches? all their comforts taken  
In faith, and knowledge of the blisse and beauties

## Cæsar and Pompey.

That watch their wakings in an endlesse life;  
Dround in the paines and horrors of their sense  
Sustaine but for an houre ; be all the earth  
Rapt with this error, Ile pursue my reasoun,  
And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,  
Th'eternall law of heauen and earth no firmer,  
But while I seeke to conquer conquering Cæsar,  
My soft-splend' seruants ouerrule and curb me.

*He knockes, and Brutus enters.*

Wheres he I sent to fetch and place my sword  
Where late I left it? Dumb to? Come another!

*Enter Cleantes.*

Wheres my sword hung here?

*Cle.* My Lord, I know not,

*Ent. Marcilimus.*

*Cat.* The rest, come in there. Where's the sword I charg'd  
To giue his place againe? Ile breake your lips ope, (you  
Spight of my freedome; all my seruants, friends,  
My sonne and all, will needs betray me naked  
To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce  
And Beare-like, mankinde of the blood of virtue.  
O gods, who euer saw me thus contemn'd?  
Goe call my sonne in; tell him, that the lesse  
He shewes himselfe my sonne, the lesse Ile care  
To liue his father.

*Enter Athenodorus, Portius: Porcius kneeling; Brutus,  
Cleantes and Marcilimus by him.*

*Por.* I beseeche you, Sir,  
Rest patient of my duty, and my loue;  
Your other children think on, our poore mother,  
Your family, your Country.

*Cat.* If the gods  
Giue ouer a'l, Ile fly the world with them.  
*Athenodorus,* I admire the changes,  
I note in heauenly prouidence. When Pompey  
Did all things out of course, past right, past reason;

## The Tragedy of

He stood invincible against the world :  
Yet, now his cares grew pious, and his powers  
Set all vp for his Countrey, he is conquered.

*Ath.* The gods wills secret are, nor muyl we measure  
Their chaste-reserued deedes by our dry shalowes.  
Sufficeth vs, we are entirely such  
As twixt them and our consciences we know  
Their graces, in our virtues, shall present  
Unspotted with the earth ; to'th high throne  
That ouerlookes vs : for this gyant world  
Let's not contend with it, when heaven it selfe  
Failes to reforme it : why should we affect  
The least hand ouer it, in that ambition ?  
**A** heape tis of digested villany ;  
Virtue in labor with eternall Chaos  
Prest to a liuing death, and racket beneath it ;  
Her throwes vnpitied ; every worthy man  
Limb by limb sawne out of her virgine wombe,  
To liue here peecemeall tortur'd, fly life then ;  
Your life and death made presidents for men.

*Exit.*

*Cat.* Ye heare (my masters) what a life this is,  
And vs much reason to respect it so.  
But mine shall serue ye. Yet restore my sword,  
Lest too much ye presume, and I conceiue  
Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's *Statilius* ?

*Por.* I think Sir, gone with the three hundred Romans  
In *Lucius Cesars* charge, to serue the victor.

*Cat.* And would not take his leave of his poore friend ?  
Then the Philosophers haue stoop't his spirit,  
Which I admire, in one so free, and knowing,  
And such a fiery hater of base life,  
Besides, being such a vow'd and noted foe  
To our great Conqueror. But I aduisde him  
To spare his youth, and liue.

*Por.* My brother *Brutus*  
Is gone to *Cesar*.

*Cat.* *Brutus* ? Of mine honor

(Although

## Cæsar and Pompey.

(Although he be my sonne in law) I must say  
There went as worthy, and as learned a President  
As liues in Romes whole rule, for all lifes actions ;  
And yet your sister *Porcia* (his wife)  
Would scarce haue done this. But (for you my sonne)  
Howeuer *Cæsar* deales with me ; be counsfalde  
By your experienc't father, not to touch  
At any action of the publique weale,  
Nor any rule beare neare her politique sterne :  
For, to be vbright, and sincere therein  
Like *Cato's* sonne, the times corruption  
Will never beare it : and, to sooth the time,  
You shall doe basely, and vnworthy your life ;  
Which, to the gods I wish, may outweigh mine  
In euery virtue ; howsoeuer ill  
You thriue in honor.

*Por. I.* my Lord, shall gladly  
Obey that counsell.

*Cat.* And what needed you  
Vrg my kinde care of any charge that nature  
Imposes on me ? haue / euer showne  
Loues least defect to you ? or any dues  
The most iddulgent father (being discreet)  
Could doe his dearest blood / doe you me right  
In iudgement, and in honor ; and dispence  
With passionate nature : goe, neglect me not,  
But send mylword in. Goe, tis / that charge you.

*Por. O* my Lord, and father, come, advise me. *Exeunt.*

*Cat.* What haue / now to thinke on in this world ?  
No one thought of the world , / goe each minute  
Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedome.  
The next world, and my soule, then let me serue  
With her last vtterance , that my body may  
With sweetnesse of the paſſage drowne the fowre  
That death will mix with it : the Consuls soules  
That slew themſelues so nobly, scorning life  
Led vnder Tyrants Scepters, mine would ſee.

## The Tragedy of

For we shall know each other ; and past death  
Retaine those formes of knowledge learn'd in life ;  
Since, if what here we learne, we there shall lose,  
Our immortallity were not life, but time.  
And that our soules in reason are immortall,  
Their naturall and proper obiects proue ;  
Which immortallity and knowledge are.  
For to that obiect euer is referr'd  
The nature of the soule, in which the acts  
Of her high faculties are still employde,  
And that true obiect must her powers obtaine  
To which they are in natures aime directed.  
Since twere absurd to haue her set an obiect  
Which possibly she neuer can aspire.

*Enter a Page with his sword taken out before.*

*Pat.* Your sword, my Lord.

*Cat.* O is it found ? lay downe

Vpon the bed (my boy) *Exit Pa.* Poore men; a boy  
Must be presenter ; manhood at no hand  
Must serue so foule a fact ; for so are calde  
(In common mouths) mens fairest acts of all.  
Unsheath ; is't sharpe ? tis sweet. Now I am safe,  
Come Cesar, quickly now, or lose your vassall.  
Now wing thee, deare soule, and receiuue her heauen,  
The earth, the ayre, and seas I know, and all  
The ioyes, and horrors of their peace and warres,  
And now will see the gods state, and the starres.

*He falleth upon his sword, and enter Statilius at another  
side of the Stage with his sword drawn, Por-  
cius, Brutus, Cleantes and Marci-  
lius holding his hands.*

*Stat.* Cato ? my Lord ?  
*Por.* I sweare (*Statilius*)

## Cæsar and Pompey.

He's forth, and gone to seeke you, charging me  
To lecke elsewhere, lest you had slaine your selfe ;  
And by his loue entreated you would liue.

*Sir.* I sweare by all the gods, he run his fortunes.

*Per.* You may, you may ; but shun the victor now,  
Who neare is, and will make vs all his slaues.

*Sir.* He shall himselfe be mine first, and my slaues. *Exit.*

*Per.* Looke, looke in to my father, O (I feare)

He is no sight for me to beare and liue. *Exit.*

*Osw.* 3 O ruthfull spectacle !

*Cle.* He hath ript his entrals.

*Bra.* Search, search ; they may be sound.

*Cle.* They may, and are.

Giue leaue, my Lord, that I may sew them vp

Being yet vnperisht. *He brushes him back,* &

*Ca.* Stand off; now they are not. *He plucks out his entrals.*

Hauie he my curse that my lifes least part slaues.

Iust men are only free, the rest are slaues.

*Bra.* Myrror of men.

*Mar.* The gods enuied his goodnesse.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Brutus, Atilius, with Lords  
and Citizens of Utica.

*Cæf.* Too late, too late ; with all our hastle. O *Cæs.*,  
All my late Conquest, and my lifes whole acts,  
Most crownde, most beautified, are baseted all  
With thy graue lifes expiring in their scorne.  
Thy life was rule to all liues ; and thy death  
(Thus forcibly despising life) the quench  
Of all liues glories.

*Ant.* Unreclaim'd man ? How censures *Brutus* his sterne fathers fact ?

*Bra.* Twas not well done.

*Cæf.* O censure not his acts ; Who knew as well what fitted man, as all men.

# The Tragedy of

Enter Achilius, Septimius, Salvius, with Pompeys head.

All kneeling. Your enemies head great Cesar.

Ces. Curled monsters,

Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp  
Let any dare to view it; farre as noblestle  
The den of barbarisme flies, and blisse  
The bitterest curse of vext and tyrannisde nature,  
Transferre it from me. Borne the plagues of virtue  
How durst ye poyson thus my thoughts? to torture  
Them with instant rapture.

Omn. 3. Sacred Cesar.

Ces. Away with them; I vow by all my comforts,  
Who slack seemes, or not fiery in my charge,  
Shall suffer with them.

All the soldiery. Our base murtherers;  
Tortures, tortures for them: *bale them out.*

Omn. Cruell Cesar.

Ces. Too milde with any torture.

Bru. Let me craue  
The easse of my hate on their one curst life.

Ces. Good Bru take it; O you coole the poyson  
These villaines flaming pou'rd vpon my spleen  
To suffer with thy lothings. If the blood  
Of every common Roman toucht so neare,  
Shall I confirme the false brand of my tyranny  
With being found a fautor of his murther  
Whom my deare Country chuide to fight for her?

Ant. Your patience Sir, their tortures well will quit you;

Bru. Let my slaves vse, Sir, be your president.

Ces. It shall, I sweare: you doe me infinite honor.

O Cato, I envy thy death, since thou

Enuiedst my glory to preserue thy life.

Why fled his sonne and friend Statilius?

So farre I fly their hurt, that all my good  
Shall fly to their desires. And (for himselfe)

## Cæsar and Pompey.

My Lords and Citizens of *Vtice*,  
His much renoune of you, quit with your most,  
And by the sea, vpon some eminent rock,  
Erect his sumptuous tombe; ou which aduance  
With all fit state his statue; whose right hand  
Let hold his sword, where, may to all times rest  
His bones as honor'd as his soule is blest.

*F I N I S.*